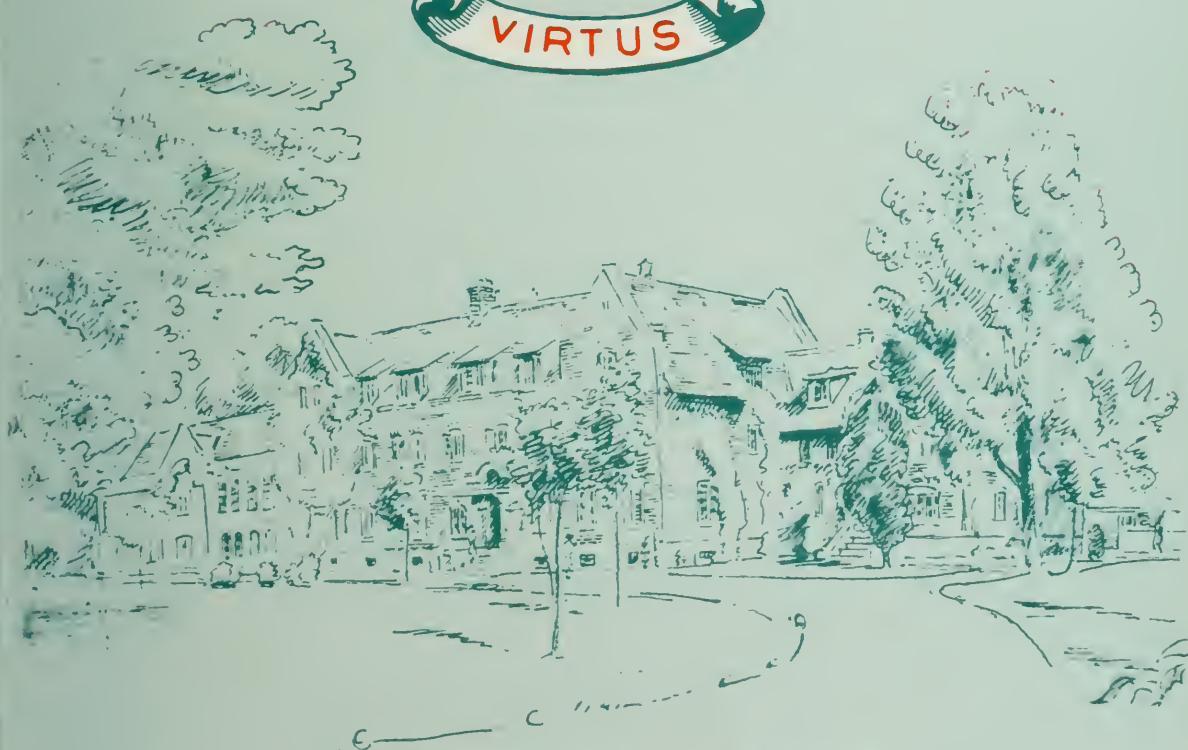
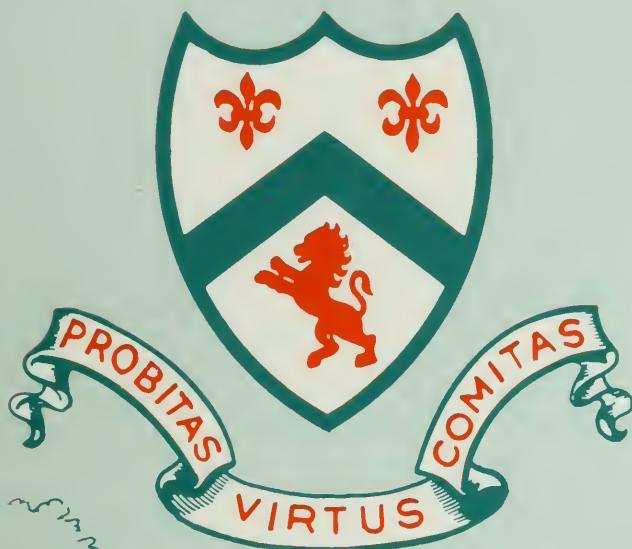


The Ashburian



ASHBURY COLLEGE
OTTAWA



THE ASHBURIAN



Photo by Jane Ember

ASHBURY COLLEGE
OTTAWA

ASHBURY COLLEGE
Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Canada

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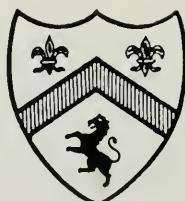


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STAFF

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W. A. Joyce, D.S.O., E.D., B.Sc. (University of Manitoba) — *Physics*

ASSISTANT HEADMASTER

J. J. Marland, A.C.P. (Lond.), Cert.Ed.(Lond.) M.I.N.O. —
Head of Department in Mathematics

MASTER IN CHARGE, JUNIOR SCHOOL

M. H. E. Sherwood, M.Ed. (University of Massachusetts),
B.A. (Carleton) — *English, Latin*

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G. W. Thomson, A.R.C.O., A.R.C.M., L.R.A.M., L.T.C.L. — *French*

HOUSEMASTER OF WOOLLCOMBE HOUSE

C. J. Inns, B.A. (University of Wales) — *French*

CHAPLAIN

The Rev. E. E. Green, B.A. (Toronto), B.D.

R. J. Anderson, C.D. — *Director of Athletics*

G. R. Armstrong — *Typing*

Lt.Cdr. G. W. Babbitt, R.C.N.(Ret'd.) — *English*

Mrs. G. W. Babbitt, 1st Class Teachers' Licence (N.B.) — *Mathematics*

J. L. Beedell, B.Sc. (Carleton), Ottawa Teachers' College — *Science*

B. W. Bellamy, B.Sc. (Carleton) — *Science, Mathematics*

V. J. Bureczak, B.A. (Carleton) — *Physical Education, Geography*

W. W. Byford, B.Sc. (Lond.) — *Head of Department in Science; Chemistry and Mathematics*

P. J. Flynn, Western Australia Teachers' Certificate —
Geography, Mathematics

J. A. Glover, M.A. (Oxon.) — *Head of Department in Moderns; French and German*

F. K. Graham, Mus.B. (Toronto), F.R.C.O., F.R.C.C.O., A.R.C.T. —
Music

J. H. Humphreys — *Oral French*

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Head of Department in Geography

P. H. Josselyn, B.A., Dip.Ed. — *Head of Department in English*

Mrs. J. R. Linn — *Remedial Reading*

G. J. McGuire, B.A. (Queen's) — *Physics, Chemistry and Mathematics*

K. D. Niles, B.A. (Carleton) — *English, History*

M. H. Penton, B.A. (Carleton) — *English, History*

D. L. Polk, B.A. (Dartmouth) — *Latin, French, History*

H. J. Robertson, B.A. (South Africa) — *History, Geography*

T. C. Tottenham, Ottawa Teachers' College — *History, Science*

B. Wallin, M.A. (Stanford University) — *Latin, English*

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Physicians:

K. G. Heed (*Accountant*)

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Secretary*)

C. B. Petrie, M.D.

Mrs. V. E. Gensey (*Secretary*)

Mrs. M. M. Bury, R.N. (*School Nurse*)

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Matron*)

M. Taticek (*Chef*)

Mrs. E. Hamilton (*Senior School
Matron*)

E. Marshall (*Steward*)

F. Faye (*Maintenance*)



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Back Row: V. J. Burczak, P. H. Josselyn, H. J. Robertson, B. Wallin, G. J. McGuire, F. T. Jones, J. L. Beedell, B. Bellamy, D. L. Polk.
Middle Row: P. J. Flynn, G. W. Babbitt, G. Armstrong, T. C. Tottenham, J. H. Humphreys, W. W. Byford, J. A. Glover, E. E. Green, R. J. Anderson.
Front Row: Mrs. G. W. Babbitt, H. Penton, C. J. Inns, Housemaster of Woolcombe House; J. J. Marland, Assistant Headmaster; W. A. Joyce, Headmaster; M. H. E. Sherwood, Headmaster of the Junior School; G. W. Thomson, Housemaster of Connaught House; K. D. Niles, Mrs. J. R. Linn.

THE PREFECTS

Back Row: E. A. Jokinen, N. Macleod, R. M. Kenny, D. J. Morrison, K. Rimsa, R. L. Bennett.
Front Row: M. Duguay, Captain of Woolcombe House; B. A. Boyd, Captain of the School; W. A. Joyce, Esq.; W. W. Stratton, Captain of Connaught House, J. K. Beqaj.



SCHOOL OFFICERS

Captain of the School
B. A. BOYD

Captain of Connaught House
W. W. STRATTON

Captain of Woolcombe House
M. DUGUAY

Prefects

R. L. BENNETT	<i>Captain of Soccer</i>
J. K. BEQAJ	N. MACLEOD
E. A. JOKINEN	<i>Vice-Captain of Soccer</i>
R. M. KENNY	R. L. BENNETT
N. MACLEOD	<i>Captain of Curling</i>
D. J. MORRISON	R. M. KENNY
K. RIMSA	<i>Captain of Hockey</i>
<i>Captains of Football</i>	M. DUGUAY
J. K. BEQAJ	<i>Captain of Skiing</i>
B. A. BOYD	W. W. STRATTON

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Cadet Captain D. J. MORRISON, *Second in Command*
Cadet Lieutenant M. DUGUAY, *O.C. No. 1 Platoon*
Cadet Lieutenant W. W. STRATTON, *O.C. No. 2 Platoon*
Cadet Lieutenant B. A. BOYD, *O.C. No. 3 Platoon*
Cadet Lieutenant D. W. LACKIE, *Honour Guard*

Company Sergeant Major
Cadet WO 2 A. LUCIANI

Drum Major
Cadet Sergeant S. M. POWER

Colour Party
Cadet Lieutenant K. RIMSA
Cadet Corporal P. PARDO
Cadet Corporal I. STODDARD

THE GUARD OF HONOUR

Guard Commander

Cadet Lieutenant D. W. LACKIE

Cadet Sergeant G. A. McTAGGART	Cadet Corporal N. MACLEOD
Cadet Corporal R. S. CHILDERS	Cadet Corporal D. C. PATERSON
Cadet Corporal P. G. COPESTAKE	Cadet Corporal R. G. PIMM
Cadet Corporal P. S. T. CROAL	Cadet Corporal D. J. H. ROSS
Cadet Corporal T. A. DICKSON	Cadet Corporal I. C. SCARTH
Cadet Corporal M. S. JELENICK	

INSTRUCTORS

Captain J. H. HUMPHREYS, Cadet Services of Canada,
Commanding Officer

Lieutenant K. D. NILES, Cadet Services of Canada,
Training Officer

Affiliated Unit
GOVERNOR GENERAL'S FOOT GUARDS
Lieutenant Colonel H. R. HILL, C.D.,
Commanding Officer

NOTES

The School closed on Saturday, June 10th—in remarkably unseasonable weather. Details of the ceremonies follow these notes. On the previous evening a barbecue was held at the School under the auspices of the Ladies' Guild; this was well-attended and proved highly successful, despite inclement weather.

The Ontario Scholars are Bryan Boyd, Ike Stoddard, Willy Liang, Richard Bennett, Frankie Chu, Anthony Leung, Charles Yap and Andrew Chan. All members of Grade 13 qualified for their Secondary School Honour Graduation Diploma.

We gratefully acknowledge substantial bequests by the late Mrs. Harold Lewis and the late Mr. Eric Beardmore, which will be used for some specific purpose as yet undetermined; also a generous donation by Mr. W. H. Connell — sufficient to allow for the construction of the Connell Laboratory alongside the Cargill Southam Laboratory. We are also very grateful for sundry gifts by many friends to the Annual Giving Programme, which is designed to supplement the budget at Ashbury College in the general field of academics.

We thank the Graduating Class of 1972 for their gift of an automatic bell-ringing system.

A few days before the provincial elections in the fall, members of three political parties spoke to students of Ashbury and Elmwood. Speaking as a Conservative was the Hon. A. B. R. Lawrence, member for Carleton East and Minister of Health. The New Democratic Party was represented by Mr. Denis Deneau, candidate for Ottawa East, and the Liberal Party by Mr. Ian Kimmerley, candidate for Ottawa South. A lively period of questions and answers ensued.

In February the Hon. John N. Turner, Minister of Finance, addressed the senior school, convincingly pointing out to the students their need for involvement in present-day affairs.

Welcome visits were also received from Mr. Ray Jones, President of the E. B. Eddy Co., Mr. John Brow, who spoke on Insurance, and Mr. Paul Leblond, Director of the Student Exchange Programme, Canada Committee, whose subject was "The Future of English Canada".

The Hon. Paul Hellyer, spent a morning at the School during May, discussing with senior students the policies of Action Canada.

The traditional carol services were held at the end of the fall term under the able direction of Mr. F. K. Graham. The usual Christmas Dinner was not held, the money thus saved being sent to the Christmas Exchange — a measure strongly supported by the boys.

The Winter Sports Day was followed by the Annual Sports Dinner, held at the School. On this occasion we were honoured by the presence as Guest Speaker of His Excellency The Governor-General of Canada, who presented the School with a picture of himself in what His Excellency described as his "working clothes". A list of the awards appears in the Sports section of The Ashburian.

Under the leadership of the Chaplain a number of Ashbury students cruised in the Mediterranean during the Easter holidays.

Once more we thank Dr. and Mrs. Conway for their kind hospitality after the final performance of the Ashbury-Elmwood production of "The Mikado", a notice of which appears on a later page.

On 10th May Ashbury held an Open Day, for the second successive year; visitors were once more able to see the School in action in the classroom and on the games field.

This year Ashbury Fitness Awards were introduced to provide a challenge for students wishing to attain a high standard of physical fitness. Only two students, M. J. Beedell and G. C. Davies, were able to attain the gold standard.

Grade 9A decided to practice, rather than preach, anti-pollution measures and spent an afternoon cleaning a stretch of the Ottawa River shore-line. The variety of refuse collected was beyond belief. Another expedition to the shores of the Ottawa River was organized by the Captain of the School after the Final Examinations.

This year Mr. B. W. Bellamy (Science and Mathematics) and Mr. G. R. Armstrong (Typing) joined the academic staff. Mrs. E. Hamilton assumed the position of Senior School Matron. Mr. W. W. Byford retires, while Mr. G. W. Thomson, Mr. V. J. Burczak and Mr. F. T. Jones leave us for other appointments. Notes on these members of the academic staff and on those who join the staff in September appear on later pages.

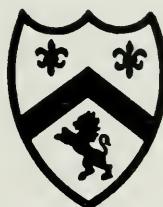


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ASHBURY COLLEGE

Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Canada

Eighty-First Year



Closing Ceremonies

LEAVING SERVICE

PRIZE GIVING



Saturday, June 10th, 1972

Closing Service

For the students, their parents and friends

at 10:15 a.m.

Conducted by the School Chaplain

THE REV. E. E. GREEN, B.A., B.D.

in the

ASHBURY COLLEGE CHAPEL

HYMN 427 — *The School Hymn — “He who would valiant be”*

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

OPENING SENTENCES

PRAYERS

THE LORD'S PRAYER

HYMN 268 — “*Lord, Speak to me. That I May Speak*”

LESSON — The Headmaster

PRAYERS AND BENEDICTION

HYMN 469 — (Part 2) — “*Lord dismiss us with Thy blessing*”

PROGRAMME

Prize Giving 11:00 a.m.

OPENING REMARKS

CHARLES K. BROWN

(Ashbury 1945-1946)

Chairman of the Board of Governors

VALEDICTORY

BRYAN BOYD

Captain of the School

THE HEADMASTER

ADDRESS

DR. J. J. DEUTSCH

C.C., B.Com., LL.D., D.Soc.Sc., F.R.C.S.

Principal and Vice-Chancellor of Queen's University

ACADEMIC PRIZES

presented by

MRS. J. J. DEUTSCH

THE ROBERT GERALD MOORE

MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR ENGLISH

THE GARY HORNING MEMORIAL SHIELD

FOR PUBLIC SPEAKING

THE CHARLES ROWLEY BOOTH

MEMORIAL TROPHY

THE MEMORIAL PRIZES

ATHLETIC TROPHIES AND SPECIAL AWARDS

presented by

DR. J. J. DEUTSCH

CLOSING REMARKS — CHAIRMAN

Refreshments



PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE CANADIAN PRESS

PRIZE LIST 1972

ACADEMIC PRIZES

FORM PRIZES FOR GENERAL PROFICIENCY.

PRESENTED BY MRS. J. J. DEUTSCH:

Form 1 (grade 5)	David Beedell
2 (grade 6)	Stephen Puttick
3b (grade 7b)	James Lay
3a (grade 7a)	Paul Deepan
Trans b (grade 8b)	Andrew Moore
Trans a (grade 8a)	Iain Johnston

JUNIOR SCHOOL AWARDS OF MERIT

Form 1 (grade 5)	Peter Martin
2 (grade 6)	David Welch
3b (grade 7b)	David Irving
3a (grade 7a)	Keith McDonald
Trans b (grade 8b)	Clermont Veilleux

FORM PRIZES FOR GENERAL PROFICIENCY (Senior School)

Grade 9b	Daniel Lurtz
9a	Christopher Teron
10b	George Jeffrey
10a	Hugh Christie
11b	Richard Childers
11a	Frederick Stoddard
12b	Douglas Pearce
12a	Paul Hope
13	Bryan Boyd

THE WOODBURN MUSIC PRIZE (Junior School)

Jonathan Heaton

THE POLK PRIZE FOR POETRY READING (Junior School)

Keith Macdonald

THE PUBLIC SPEAKING PRIZES

Junior:	Iain Johnston
Intermediate:	Hugh Christie

THE GARY HORNING MEMORIAL SHIELD FOR PUBLIC SPEAKING (Senior)

Matthew Rowlinson

THE GRAHAM CHOIR PRIZE (Junior School)

Iain Johnston

ACADEMIC PRIZES (Senior School)

English (9-10)	Ian Bleackley
History (9-10)	Hugh Christie
Geography (9-10)	Peter Wilson
Science (9-10)	Stephen Grahovac
Devine Prize for Latin (9-10)	Bob Henderson
Jobling Prize for French (9-10)	Stephen Grahovac

Junior Matriculation Classes:

Brain Prize for History	Nigel Macleod
Pemberton Prize for Geography	Peter Johnston
Dr. O. J. Firestone Prize for Mathematics	Paul Hope
F. E. B. Whitfield Prize for Latin	Christian Fabricius
Byford Prize for Chemistry	Victor Lynch-Staunton

Senior Matriculation Classes:

Hon. George Drew Prize for English	Stephen Stirling
H. J. Robertson Prize for History	Stephen Stirling
F. T. Jones Prize for Geography	Stephen Stirling
J. J. Marland Prize for Mathematics	Bryan Boyd
W. W. Byford Prize for Chemistry	Bryan Boyd
Angus Prize for French	Marc Duguay

SPECIAL PRIZES. Presented by Mr. M. H. E. Sherwood:

THE ALWYN CUP (Junior Track and Field)

Philippe Wiener

THE JOHN MICHAEL HILLIARD MEMORIAL PRIZE (Trans A)

Eric Wilson

**THE STEPHEN CLIFFORD MEMORIAL PRIZE for the Boy in the Junior School
who wins the Most Points for his House**

Ian Rhodes

THE WOODS SHIELD (Junior School: Academics, Sports, Character):

Iain Johnston

THE LADIES' GUILD MERIT AWARDS. Presented by Mrs. T. L. Bates

Grade	9	George McKenna
	10	Stephen Grahovac
	11	Richard Childers
	12	Peter Johnston
	13	Ike Stoddard

THE GENERAL KNOWLEDGE PRIZES

Grade	9b	Shawn McNulty
	9a	Peter Steacy
	10b	(1) Arthur Loeb; (2) Michael Moore
	10a	Stephen Rigby
	11b	Jules Chatel
	11a	Frederick Stoddard
	12b	Douglas Pearce
	12a	Ian Smith
	13	Ike Stoddard
		Stephen Stirling

THE MEMORIAL PRIZES. Presented by Dr. J. J. Deutsch

THE ROBERT GERALD MOORE PRIZE FOR ENGLISH (12)

David Yaxley

THE SNELGROVE PRIZE FOR MATHEMATICS (9-10)

Stephen Rigby

THE ADAM PODHRADSKY MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR MODERN HISTORY (12)

Nigel Macleod

THE FIORENZA DREW MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR FRENCH (12)

Philippe Pardo

THE EKES MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR PHYSICS (13)

Bryan Boyd

**THE C. ROWLEY BOOTH MEMORIAL TROPHY (All-round Achievement in
Grade 12)**

Donald Morrison

SPECIAL AWARDS

THE ASHBURY FITNESS AWARDS

Mike Beedell

Greg Davies

THE PITFIELD SHIELD (Junior House Competition)

Dragons: Captains — Bob Morrison and Michael O'Meara

THE SOUTHAM CUP (Best Record in Scholarship and Sports)

Richard Bennett

THE NELSON SHIELD (Head Boy)

Bryan Boyd

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S MEDAL

Bryan Boyd

MR. V. J. BURCZAK

Mr. Vic Bureczak joined the Staff in September 1970 to teach Physical Education and Geography, but his activities have ranged far beyond the gymnasium and the classroom. He has been assistant coach of 1st Football, coach of 2nd Hockey and of Track and Field; in addition he founded and ran the Archery Club and took on the task of advertising manager for the Ashburian.

To Mr. Bureczak belongs the distinction of having devised an equitable form of roster for day duty masters whereby no one member of the Staff was stuck with a fixed and possibly distasteful day of the week.

We thank Mr. Bureczak for his contribution to the life of Ashbury and we give him and Mrs. Bureczak our best wishes for the future.

J. A. G.

MR. W. W. BYFORD

It is not often on these pages that we can record the happy conclusion of a lifelong teaching career. This year, such an occurrence has taken place in the case of Mr. W. W. Byford, affectionately known to his colleagues as "Bill".

Bill Byford taught his first class in London, England, in 1929. From that day to this he has practised his profession all over the world and can speak with equal ease of classrooms in Singapore, Africa, The United Kingdom or America. He raised his teaching skills to the highest level and those students passing through his Chemistry and Mathematics classes will remember his lessons as they remember few others. Indeed, they have been most privileged; there are few of us today that can match Bill's ability to combine the strictest of class discipline with an acceptable learning situation. Behind Bill's sometimes fierce countenance there was always a heart-felt willingness to help a student achieve his fullest potential. Very few boys did not discover this, as the numbers of boys who beat a path to the Byford door at any hour of the night or day bear witness.

Happily the Byford family are not moving too far away. We hope that we shall continue to see them on social and other occasions of the School. It will be hard for us to think of the teaching profession without Bill being part of it; somewhere, somehow. Perhaps if we hope hard enough we won't have to!

W.A.J.



PHOTO BY JANE EMBER

MR. F. T. JONES

It was lunch-time. One of the new masters (a quiet and unobtrusive gentleman from Wales) was on duty for the first time. The boys were in their places, and there was the usual slight shuffling and muttering which always precedes the silence for grace. Suddenly the air was shattered by two deafening staccato bellows:

“SHUDDUP! STANDSTILL!”

Fred Jones had arrived — in every sense of the word!

The effect was electrifying and there can't have been a boy who wasn't wondering what had hit him. But this formidable voice was the voice of experience. How many teachers still make the fatal mistake of trying to be “palsie-walsie” (to quote one of Mr. Marland's favourite phrases!) from the start, and then wonder why they can't maintain any sort of discipline?

Mr. Jones was too old a hand to fall into that particular trap. He left nobody in any doubt as to who was going to be the boss; having established that, he was able to relax gradually and methodically, and soon to become one of the most kindly and popular masters Ashbury can ever have known. This popularity was exemplified by some writing on a wall; under the name “F. JONES” on his parking space, somebody added “. . . is a nice guy.” Rather different from most of the statements expressed in mural adornments at Ashbury — or any other school, for that matter!

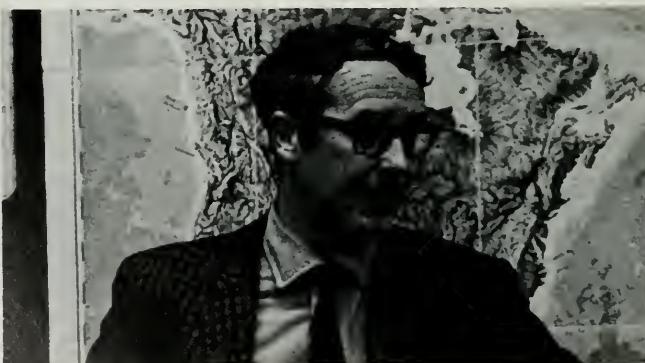
The writer of those words summed up the general view. However rebellious the present-day student may seem, he still respects (and prefers) a master who will keep him in order and demand high standards from him. Fred Jones did just that — but he did it with a warm humanity and a glorious sense of humour.

He was also a steady influence on the Masters' Common Room, where tempers occasionally fly as high as they do anywhere else in the school. The first time Mr. Jones was witness to suc . . . it, he stared at the offender in blank disbelief and then, with withering . . . , uttered the immortal phrase “OH, PICKY PICKY!” — which may look meaningless on paper but which had a devastating effect at the time!

He came to us from St. George's School in Vancouver, where he now returns — partly to escape the Ottawa winter, but principally to accept vastly increased responsibility as Administrative Assistant to the Headmaster. One can only hope that a teacher of his calibre will not be totally lost to the classroom — but whatever he does will be characterized by zeal, efficiency and almost overpowering enthusiasm. And if, in a few months' time, we learn of a beer famine in B.C., we shall know that Fred still maintains an unchallengeable supremacy in yet another of his many and varied talents!

He leaves Ashbury a better place for his two-year sojourn among us, and he will be greatly missed by staff and boys alike. We thank him for what he has done (and, far more, for what he has been), and we wish him, Carol, Simon and Martyn a safe trip to the Far West (characteristically they're going via the Maritimes — how did he ever become a geography teacher!), and a full, happy and successful life when they get there.

G.W.T.



MR. G. W. THOMSON

Mr. Geoffrey Thomson came to Ashbury in 1967 after considerable experience in England as a director of school music, also finding time to make appearances as pianist, organist, solo bass singer and actor.

Mr. Thomson found further scope for his versatility in Canada. As the first Housemaster of New House, later renamed Connaught House, he brought firmness and understanding to his dealings with the boys under his care. His teaching activities have by no means been limited to his position as Director of Music: at various times he has been active in the classroom as a teacher of Public Speaking, English and French. For his last year he exchanged Music at Ashbury for Music and Drama at Elmwood, mounting a highly successful production by the Drama Class of "Ladies in Retirement" by Edward Percy and Reginald Denham, he himself giving a most convincing performance in the one male role.

A noteworthy feature of Mr. Thomson's musical and stage activity has been the annual Ashbury-Elmwood Gilbert and Sullivan production: over the years his roles in this event have included musical director, stage director, and leading soloist — at least one of these per production. Perhaps his tour de force in this respect was achieved in the recent production of "The Mikado", when a figure robed as a Japanese nobleman was seen and heard at the piano; this figure then rose and walked up on to the stage — a move to be repeated frequently during the evening — to reveal himself as a resonant Pooh-Bah.

Gradually Geoffrey Thomson became a notable figure on the musical scene of Ottawa. His literate and knowledgeable writing as a music critic for the Ottawa Journal commended him to a wide circle of readers. He has been organist and choirmaster of St. Alban's Church and subsequently of Trinity Anglican Church, and he has appeared as guest conductor of both the Canadian Centennial Choir and the Ottawa Civic Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Thomson now goes to Lakefield College School as Director of Music. He takes with him our best wishes for his future career and we hope that he and Mrs. Thomson will enjoy life in their new surroundings.

J.A.G.



PHOTO COURTESY OF U.P.I.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE ACADEMIC STAFF — SEPTEMBER 1972

Mr. G. B. Bacon joins the staff to teach Biology. Educated at Cornwall Collegiate and Vocational School and the University of New Brunswick, where he majored in Biology, Mr. Bacon has had experience as Laboratory Instructor and Head Demonstrator in Biology at U.N.B. He has been on the staff of U.N.B. Graduate School and has coached the Biology Department Hockey team. His other interests include Canoeing, Drama and Cadets.

Mr. J. C. Boone returns to Ashbury, where he was educated, to teach Geography. Mr. Boone majored in Geography at Sir George Williams University and received his Master's degree in the Teaching of Social Studies in Secondary Schools from the State University of New York. He comes to us from Lakeshore Regional School Board, and he has had experience in coaching Curling, Hockey, Soccer and Canoeing. Mr. Boone, who is married, with one son, is residing at 250, Springfield Road.

Mr. G. E. Hyatt was educated at Sunnyside High School, Stanstead, Stanstead College and Bishop's University, where he graduated in Chemistry. He joins the staff to teach Chemistry and Mathematics. Mr. Hyatt's interests include Football, Basketball, Riding, Skating, Hunting, Fishing, Photography and Music.

Mr. K. B. Parks joins the Junior School staff to teach Physical Education and General Subjects. Mr. Parks is a Bachelor of Physical Education of the University of New Brunswick, where he received a distinction award in Hockey and has been conductor of Freshman Class activities.

THE BUILDING PROGRAM

Several years of hoping and planning will soon culminate in a major expansion and upgrading of the school plant. Hardly a facet of Ashbury's day-to-day operation will be left untouched in a program which will feature the refurbishing and rearrangement of many existing facilities as well as new construction. Acting on the combined suggestions of "Task Force-Planning" (the Staff), the Architects, Murray and Murray, and Mr. William Teron, the well-known Planner and Builder and a key member of the School Building Committee, a plan has been developed which incorporates the following:

- 1 — Continuation of current efforts to upgrade boarding accomodations and the electrical and essential services.
- 2 — Immediate construction of an extension to the science wing which will contain the Connell Biology Laboratory on the second level and a workshop for boys on the ground level.
- 3 — Construction in the early fall of a three-level link between the Argyle Wing and the Main Building which will contain new boarding accommodations on the upper level, five new classrooms on the main level, and a complex of common rooms for staff, juniors, and seniors on the lower level. Construction will begin simultaneously on an extension to the dining hall in the corner area formed by Rhodes Hall, the present dining hall, and the eastward projection of the kitchen.
- 4 — Extensive rearrangement and refurbishing of office and reception facilities in the area of classrooms C and D — thus freeing the annex area for use as a married housemaster's home. The present main north doorway will be enlarged to serve as the school's formal entrance. An excavated stairwell at the main entrance will give immediate access to common rooms and locker areas below to arriving students.

The Ashbury Spirit will soon have new surroundings. The one, enhanced by the other, gives promise of a great future for the School. Thanks are owed to the Board of Governors, Mr. Joyee, Mr. Connell, Mr. Teron, and interested staff members who have brought the long-awaited building program to the brink of reality.

B.W.

CONNAUGHT HOUSE NOTES

I have taken the liberty of changing the format of the House Notes this year, for two reasons. First, I feel, as do many of you, that the usual "who did what where" format becomes rather boring after a time, and our House Notes have been laid out this way for five years. Secondly, owing to my ever-failing memory, I did not compile a list of "who did what where" and therefore I am unable to pursue this format. I ask you to please accept what follows as a reasonable substitute for the past five years of Connaught House tradition.

The most obvious change in the House this year was the atmosphere. I cannot remember a year as relaxed as this one, yet, to the surprise of the administration, it was one of the best ever. The knowledge that one was not being constantly policed put one at ease and, as a result of this, relations within the House reached an all-time high.

Spirit in the House also reached an all-time high. This was evident when Connaught met Woolcombe in the various House competitions. We were able to secure the titles in the Inter-House Soccer, Swimming, and Track and Field meets, while Woolcombe took the Hockey and Curling. The Connaught House turn-out was greater than that of Woolcombe House in all activities, particularly at the swim meet, where we were able to win back the title we had given up the year before.

The House Dinner was the final indication of an overwhelming House spirit. All boarders and 75% of the day boys (a new record for any activity) met at the Skyline Hotel June 8th for what turned out to be the best House Dinner in Connaught's history. It was a fitting end to a great year.

It is with deep regret that Connaught House says good-bye to Mr. G. W. Thomson, as he leaves Ashbury for Lakefield College School. He has been Housemaster of Connaught House for five years and deserves most of the credit for its creation in 1967. He has been more than a friend to all of us in the House. We cannot adequately express our thanks for all that he has done for the House during the past five years. We can only wish him well in his new position at Lakefield and hope that his time there will be as enjoyable for him as his time here has been for us.

I would like to extend a personal word of grateful thanks to Mr. Thomson, Mr. Niles, Mr. McGuire and the guys in the House for making my last year at Ashbury my most memorable. Good luck next year and keep plugging.

W. W. Stratton

WOOLLCOMBE HOUSE NOTES

Head of House: Marc Duguay.

Prefects: Richard Bennett; Kostas Rimsa.

Room Captains: Gordon McTaggart; Allan MacEwen; Tony Seay; Arthur Skolnik; Dave Siversky; Peter Richardson; Mark Henderson.

Not a bad year on the whole! The upper flat has managed to a very large extent to remain a fairly content and trouble-free unit; the reason for this escapes me, but I have a sneaking feeling that it had something to do with the very commendable way in which the seniors maintained order whilst at the same time taking a genuine interest in the welfare of the juniors. Typical of this was the way in which the room captains would, at my request, hustle

grades nine to twelve to bed on time, and then be prepared to linger in rooms talking and chatting about whatever the current talking point happened to be. I appreciated equally the readiness of "the guys" to drop into my room whenever they felt like it and discuss their interests and problems. Long may they do so!

Perhaps the overall picture was one of a discipline that was acceptable because it was never abused, and full marks here to the prefects and room captains. I myself occasionally had to reprimand, and full marks here to the "victims" who not once tried to argue the point, but always accepted the reason for my doing so.

In inter-house competition, we just came off best. Next year we intend "wiping the floor" with Connaught.

The most enjoyable event perhaps was the end of year house dinner, partly because it was the end of year, and partly because we innovated by inviting girl friends along for the first time. This was successful and we'll probably try it again this coming year.

No individuals to be mentioned here, because if I were to mention one or two I would feel compelled to mention so many more. The House was crammed with characters, likeable and notorious.

Most will be back next year, and I look forward to seeing them again. On paper, it should prove to be a fine year, but it will be up to you, Woolcombe students, again to make it a reality. Go to it!

C.J.I.

CHAPEL NOTES

"Why is Chapel compulsory?" This was at one time a very common question. Now, however, there seems to be a new attitude towards Chapel; very seldom is that question asked. Even on Sunday nights, when the boys must cut their weekends short, very few complain.

Why? It is probably because the students feel part of the Chapel services. The students are more involved, which results in a wonderful atmosphere; they feel more than ever that they can contribute to the services and consequently are able to get more out of them. It is all this, and more, which has made the Chapel services the best ever.

Various people from Grades Nine to Thirteen played an active role in the services; hence there has been a greater personal involvement in a Chapel situation which has now become a meaningful experience rather than a tiresome obligation.

The impact of these accomplishments on the students of Ashbury and the profound effect which Mr. Green has had on us as individuals emerged in the singing of "Glory, Glory, Halleluia!" on "Mr. Green Day".

W. W. Stratton
M. Duguay

I must add a word of appreciation. Kostas Rimsa and the Servers' Guild were just about the most cheerful and efficient Servers any priest could ever want; the Prefects were most helpful and co-operative; Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Brunet and Mrs. Ryan were always there assisting in so many ways; Mr. Fred Graham and the Choir rendered beautiful and valuable service; Mr. Joyee and all others who read lessons were most faithful in their duties. To all of you — we are grateful for your contributions to College life through your Chapel work.

Words fail me still when I think of "Mr. Green Day". On that day — and, indeed, throughout the year — the students of Ashbury accorded me such a measure of friendship and support that I shall never cease to be grateful. Thank you so much.

E.E.G.



CONFIRMATION

Back Row: R. A. Dunlop, G. P. Harvey, J. K. Longsworth, R. H. F. Huston, M. J. Moore, P. G. Tapp, A. G. Moore, C. W. Byford.
Front Row: D. A. Hogarth, S. R. Puttick, D. E. C. Green, Rev. E. E. Green, A. J. Rowlinson, G. C. Warwick, A. M. Brookes.



THE SERVERS

Back Row: K. K. Chu, G. C. Davies, F. K. K. Chu.
Front Row: K. Rimsa, Rev. E. E. Green, E. W. Cahn.



THE CHOIR

Back Row: Rev. E. E. Green, R. H. F. Huston, P. G. Tapp, K. N. Carre, F. K. Graham, Esq.
Third Row: J. D. Coyne, R. V. E. Van Veen, S. G. Verhey, F. MacNicol, A. B. Marchant, I. N. Rhodes, I. M. Walker, P. M. MacLaurin.
Second Row: M. W. Tkachuk, G. N. McKenna, S. P. Wilson, H. A. Heaton, J. F. Biewald, A. I. Johnston, D. Josselyn, J. G. Pilaar, A. J. Heaton.
Front Row: R. J. Feldman, J. W. Downing, N. L. Fonay, M. K. Litvak, P. D. Deepan, I. F. Wilson, P. C. B. Martin, M. A. Richter, B. E. Mitchell.

Chapel Events

Installation of Prefects

Installation of Servers

Guest Preacher — Former Chaplain, the Reverend William Belford.

A few Old Boys attended.

Founders' Service — Guest Preacher, the Reverend David Thomson.

Guest Choir, the Choir of All Saints, Sandy Hill.

Members of the Woolcombe family were present.

Baptism of son of Stuart Chandler.

Marriage of John Rogan to Sandra Booth.

Marriage of Peter Vineberg to Margaret Dupuis.

Chancel Drama in Advent.

Two Christmas Carol Services.

Confirmation — 16 Confirmed. Bishop William Robinson officiated.

Taped musical service arranged by Tony Seay and others.

Remembrance Day Service.

Closing Day Service.

Guest Officiants —

The Reverend E. K. Lackey,

The Reverend Philip Rowswell,

The Reverend Canon William Wright,

The Reverend Gordon Light.

Service in the Quad with Sir Robert Borden High School Band.

Services with Guitar Group.

Services with Elmwood Choir.

Guest Choir — The Choir of the Viscount Montgomery Public School, Hamilton.

As you see we had a busy year, but not all the action was in the Chapel: the involvement of Ashbury in the blitz for Pakistani Relief was magnificent; the Grub Day to raise money for Third World Development was something else. In fact the whole enterprise of reaching out to help others took on a new dimension this year. Money-wise this is what happened.

To Pakistani Relief from Chapel Collections	—	\$25.00
To Pakistani Relief from Elmwood—Ashbury	—	\$1,400.00
To Pollution Probe from Chapel Collections	—	\$25.00
To St. Michael's Mission from Chapel Collections	—	\$100.00
To United Appeal from Chapel Collections	—	\$50.00
To Pakistani Relief from Chapel Collections	—	\$50.00
To Christmas Exchange from carol singing, canned goods, and going without Christmas Dinner	—	\$425.00
To Bishop for local charity from Chapel Collections	—	\$100.00
To Third World Development from Grub Day and student gifts.	—	\$200.00

The student body did a tremendous job: I will long remember the morning I walked into the School about 8.00 a.m. and was handed nearly \$50.00 which had been gathered up that morning for the Development Fund. Thank you.

E.E.G.

ASHBURY COLLEGE LADIES' GUILD PRESIDENT'S REPORT

During the 1971-72 school year the Ashbury College Ladies' Guild sponsored numerous interesting activities. This report outlines our many events and achievements.

In the early fall our Annual Clothing Sale was held under the able direction of Mrs. G. F. Henderson. We realized a profit of \$511.80 for our Project Fund.

In late September our Honorary President, Mrs. W. A. Joyce, with the help of the Ladies' Guild executive, had a coffee party for the new mothers at Ashbury House. It was well attended and enjoyed by all and provided an excellent opportunity to meet and welcome the new mothers. This promises to be an annual event.

Mrs. T. L. Bates convened the Raffle. Prizes were donated by Mr. & Mrs. G. K. Ellacott, Mr. & Mrs. M. E. Grant, Mr. & Mrs. R. M. Hodgins, and Mr. & Mrs. R. Ross.

The draw was held at the Old Boy's Dance in November. With the co-operation of the Masters, the aid of the senior school boys and the outstanding salesmanship of the junior school boys, this was a very successful venture, profits amounting to \$803.50.

Our Fall Meeting and Luncheon was held on Wednesday, November 3. At this meeting, Mr. Joyce presented the Ladies' Guild with a cheque for \$242.07, the proceeds of the book sale organized by Mr. Joyce and the staff. Mr. Hugh Robertson spoke to us on the Ashbury College Canadian Studies Programme. Following his address the Guild presented him with a cheque for \$1,200.00 to further this project. A cheque for \$500.00 was presented to Mr. Sherwood for the Junior School.

Under the convenorship of Mrs. L. M. Johnston, a number of Pyramid Luncheons was held with proceeds amounting to \$162.00.

The sale of Hasti Notes was directed by Mrs. D. J. Heaton and 52 packages were sold this year.

Our Annual Meeting and Luncheon was held on Friday, March 3, and was once again well attended. Membership stands at 145 paid-up members. Mr. Joyce was presented with a cheque for \$500.00 to purchase much-needed equipment for the Physics laboratory. The luncheons for both meetings were provided as a courtesy of the school with the aid of Mrs. W. A. Joyce and the wives of the teaching staff.

Six cottas were purchased for the choir and \$50.00 was provided for their annual outing.

At school closing in June, the presentation of the \$50.00 Merit Prizes was made by the Ladies' Guild. These are annual awards to the student in each year, grades 9-13 inclusive, who has shown the best all-round effort.

My executive consisted of:—

Honorary President	— Mrs. W. A. Joyce
Past President	— Mrs. G. F. Henderson
Vice President	— Mrs. T. L. Bates
Secretary	— Mrs. W. A. Scott
Treasurer	— Mrs. R. D. Boyd
Assistant Treasurer	— Mrs. G. K. Ellacott
Members	— Mrs. D. J. Heaton — Mrs. L. M. Johnston — Mrs. P. H. Davies — Mrs. D. D. Hogarth — Mrs. F. W. Buser — Mrs. H. P. Wright — Mrs. R. M. Hodgins

The executive has made my term as president a pleasure and through diligence in their respective responsibilities each project has met with success. I wish to thank sincerely every member. I also wish to express my appreciation to Mr. Joyce, Mr. Sherwood and the teaching staff for their assistance and cooperation. The help of the office staff is gratefully acknowledged.

May I extend to our new president, Mrs. Bates, and the new executive, my best wishes for a happy and successful year.

Respectfully submitted,

Babs Harcourt

Mrs. D. G. Harcourt

President

Ashbury College Ladies' Guild

THE SOUTHAM LIBRARY IMPRESSIONS

Books, magazines on the floor,
"Look out lads, this is war!"

Librarian's role, to lend an ear,
"What's all this, whom do you fear?"

"Miss, where can I find something on Rome?
Seems to me I'd rather go home!"

"Use the index", comes the cry
"It will serve you by and by".

Legs outstretched on table tops,
"Can I play you all some Pops?"

"All your books are overdue,
How can I ever get to you?"

Posters, notes, lists and orders,
Let's give the posters to the boarders!

Building plans are everywhere
"What's this, Miss, explain that square!"

Danger lurks, do not doubt it,
"Tools of War" is Juniors' favourite.

"What do you know of the isosceles?
Put me out of my misery, please!"

"Words are Important", that's for sure,
"Help me Miss, just once more!"

"Is it stationery? I need a book,
Do you have a pencil, may I have a look?"

"Sorry, Stamp Club is on Tuesday"
"You must look at my trades today!"

Chess, yes, and Monopoly
but, "don't play Poker in the Library!"

"Sorry, Library closed for meeting,
Governors will discuss the heating."

M.L.

We are indebted to Mr. & Mrs. John Clifford for their presentation of Stephen's library of books to Ashbury, and extend our sincere thanks to them. This wide variety of books will remain a lasting memorial to a fine young man.

Our warmest thanks and appreciation are extended to those who have been kind enough to donate books to the library. Mr. W. J. R. Wilson and Cdr. C. H. Little are two supporters whose regular donations have done much to increase the volume of books on the shelves, and we especially thank them for their continued interest.

The librarians have done a great job this year, working hard to keep the library tidy, an awesome task sometimes. I really have appreciated their help, and cheerful, willing attitude to their duties in the library. Thank you, boys!

Mary Loftus.

Donations have been received from the following:

Mrs. M. Baker	J. C. MacLaurin, Esq.
Mr. and Mrs. John Clifford	Fraser MaeNicol
Mrs. D. F. Downing	Jacques Major
The Danish Embassy	Mrs. D. Polk
W. F. Hadley, Esq.	Mrs. P. Schoeler
The Hon. P. Hellyer	Michael Toronto
Jonathan Heaton	B. Wallin, Esq.
Dr. G. Hooper	Guy Warwick
Lansing Lamont, Esq.	W. J. R. Wilson, Esq.
Cdr. C. H. Little	Charles Zwirewicz

LIBRARIANS

<i>Senior</i>	<i>Junior</i>
Cahn	Pimm II.
Hogarth	MacDonald
Paterson I	Cuzner
McTaggart	Warwick
Reid	Toronto
Blaeckley	Flynn I
Towe	Coyne
	Major
	Campbell
	Brookes

CADETS

The Cadets took part in the Military Tattoo at the Civic Centre in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the Governor-General's Foot Guards. This was the only theatrical skit in the pageant, depicting the war in the trenches (1914-1918) and the humour of the times. This demonstration was repeated at the Annual Ceremonial Inspection, at which the Inspecting Officer was Colonel Strome Galloway, E.D., C.D.

After the inspection the following awards were presented:

- Most Conscientious N.C.O.: C/Sgt. W. A. MacEwen
- Best Bandsman: L/Cpl. P. A. S. Johnston
- Best Platoon: No. 2—C/Lt. W. W. Stratton
- Best Officer: C/Capt. D. J. Morrison
- C.O.'s Award: C/Maj. J. K. Beqaj

J.H.H.

CANADIAN STUDIES PROGRAMME

This programme involves an interdisciplinary approach to the study of Canada, and is being introduced in grades 5, 6, 9, 10, 11 and 13.

Various projects are being carried out as part of the programme and brief descriptions of the various projects follow:

The Ashbury Journal

This publication was launched with the aim of establishing a forum for the exchange of student views across the country at the lowest possible price. The idea was prompted both by the lack of a national student-level journal devoted to Canadian affairs and by the fact that so many interesting projects are being carried out today which do not receive the publicity they deserve. The Journal invites contributions from students across Canada and provides those published with a country-wide circulation.

The response has been very encouraging and after its first year the Journal boasts a subscription list which includes high schools in every province of the country as well as the North West Territories.

S. M. Stirling

Canadian Stamp Collection

As part of the Canadian Studies Programme and with the generous help of the Ladies' Guild, a School stamp collection has been started. Two Minkus albums were purchased, one for mint stamps and the other for used stamps.

Special thanks are extended to Mrs. Loftus and Mr. Joyce for their assistance and interest. Mrs. Loftus spent many tedious hours organizing the stamp sale, the proceeds of which were put towards the collection. Mr. Joyce has donated innumerable stamps which were used both for the collection and for the sale.

Thanks are extended to the following who have made donations of stamps to the collection:

Mrs. Loftus, Mr. Joyce, P. Campbell, R. Robertson, S. Belding, J. Beedell, R. Newbergher, J. Longsworth, J. Heaton, P. Stenger, C. Teron.

C. N. Teron

H.M.C.S. Iroquois

Form II has "adopted" HMCS Iroquois, one of the new DDH 280 class destroyers being built at Sorel, Quebec. The Iroquois is one of the most modern warships in the world and she will be commissioned in July, 1972.

Her captain is Commander Duncan Macgillivray and he visited us one afternoon and told us about his ship. He also gave us many pictures and photographs for our classroom display.

We shall be visiting the ship in August before she sails for Halifax, where she will be based.

Next year the new Form II will take over and maintain contact with Commander Macgillivray and his crew on the Iroquois.

D. G. Meyers

Gallery of Great Canadians

Our special project was to write to famous Canadians and ask them if they would send us an autographed photograph to hang in our gallery.

By the end of the year we had received photographs and letters from Chief Dan George, Dr. Herzberg, Mr. Diefenbaker and Gordie Howe.

We hope that next year's Form I will add more famous people to the gallery.

D. C. Beedell

The following projects are in the planning stage for next year:
As there will be two grade six classes, one will maintain contact with HMCS Iroquois, while it is hoped to twin the other class with an Eskimo class in the far north.

In conjunction with this project a collection of Eskimo crafts will be built up and will be on permanent display.

A student-run company is to be established, to be followed later by a Stock Exchange.

Grateful thanks are extended to the following for generous donations to the Canadian Studies Programme:

The Ladies' Guild, Mrs. M. Wright, Mrs. Schoeler, Mrs. Sellers, and Mr. Wilson.

H.J.R.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

This year we held our annual Public Speaking contest in the usual style in Argyle Hall. Grade 9 and 10 contestants vied for the Ross McMaster Prize. Hugh Christie emerged as the winner. In the Senior section the Gary Horning Memorial Prize was won by Matthew Rowlinson. There was stiff competition in both sections of the contest. Many and varied were the topics and styles of delivery. Judges were Archdeacon Douglas Christie, Mr. Les Lye and Mr. Charles Schofield.

Matthew Rowlinson and Graham Sellers represented Ashbury in the Ottawa district public speaking contest under the auspices of the Ontario Public School Trustees Association. Neither won, but both did extremely well.

Rob Huston and Shaun Belding both spoke in a contest at the Chateau Laurier and Matthew Rowlinson in a contest at the Miss Westgate Restaurant. These contests were sponsored by Optimist International and had as their theme "Our Challenge — Involvement."

Many — in fact almost all — students of the School delivered one or more speeches during the year. It is marvellous to see the growth in self-confidence and ability to express ideas which many of the boys experienced. Person to person communication is crucial for healthy, happy life. We are grateful for a public speaking programme that tries to foster such communication.

E.E.G.

SCIENCE CLUB

This year the science club had what I feel to be a most successful year. There were eleven members in the club, each carrying on numerous experiments.

Among the many interesting experiments carried out, most of them were experiments on remote control, electronic amplifiers, stroboscopic lighting and chemical tests.

A group of members successfully completed a remote control unit which, when put to the tests, refused to work as a remote control unit but successfully worked as a radio with a frequency of twenty-five to thirty-two megacycles.

This year's science club was very productive and I feel that next year's club will surely miss Mr. Byford's helpful instructions.

F. Chu

“THE MIKADO” AT ELMWOOD

The Ashbury-Elmwood combined dramatic societies presented the Gilbert and Sullivan favourite, “The Mikado; or The Town of Titipu”, in the gymnasium of Elmwood School on April 7 and 8 with a most impressive array of youthful talent. It is fair to say that a fine tradition has been established since the first tentative revival of “Trial By Jury” was presented in 1967.

Students were cast in a majority of the principal roles and they carried off their responsibilities with ease and charm. Willy Liang brought a special quality of youthful credibility to the role of Nanki-Poo, the Wandering Minstrel. Playing opposite him as the lovely Yum-Yum, Patricia Lynch-Staunton delighted both eye and ear, and the affecting duet, “Were you not to Ko-Ko Plighted” stood out as the highlight of the production.

Sean Power was vocally and dramatically at home in the role of Ko-Ko, in which his stage presence and sense of comedy were great assets. Doug Pearce made a promising first appearance as Pish-Tush.

“The Mikado”, in spite of its exposure by all levels of production over its nearly ninety-year history, still has the magic to come across as fresh and topical to succeeding generations and is greeted like a cherished old friend by those of us who have seen it many times. The production by the Ashbury-Elmwood group certainly was up to the best standards of school productions. Your reviewer has by now lost track of the number of performances seen over a lifetime, but can say that none ever pleased more than this one. The members of the cast brought their own fresh approach to the operetta, which was warmly received by the enthusiastic audience of students, parents, faculty members and friends.

To Mr. Geoffrey Thomson is due a large measure of the success of the annual Gilbert and Sullivan productions since 1968.

His own love of the operettas creates a climate of enthusiasm that obviously carries over to the cast and stage crews. His portrayal of Pooh-Bah was a triumph. As well as setting a standard of professionalism to inspire the youthful participants, his sure hand in the direction and at the piano made him indeed Lord High Everything Else!

Your reviewer never ceases to be amazed that so many people can occupy the minute stage in the Elmwood gymnasium. The groupings of chorus and principals was accomplished with ease and good effect. The sets, constructed under the supervision of Mr. Inns, were most attractive and were made even more effective by the skilful use of lighting.

The costumes were colourful and traditional; make-up was well applied, and the stage crew performed their many chores smoothly and well. Thanks are also due to the faculty members, Mr. Peter Josselyn and Mrs. Janice McRae, who added the needed depth to the roles of The Mikado and Katisha. Not only were their voices needed for balance but their portrayals were in the best tradition of the melodramatic characters.

“The Mikado” may mark the end of the “Gilbert and Sullivan Series” that we have enjoyed for the last five years. Mr. Thomson is leaving Ottawa at the end of the school year for a more bucolic setting. To quote an old show-business cliché: “he will be a hard act to follow”.

E.P.



FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM

Winners of the B.C.S. Old Boys' Trophy

Back Row: M. S. Jelenick, A. N. Scott, M. I. L. Robertson, M. A. B. Webster, R. Anapolsky, D. J. Siversky, R. G. Pimm.
 Middle Row: R. L. Simpson, Esq., D. M. Heaney, P. Pardo, P. G. Copestake, C. R. Bates, J. A. Ellis, D. J. H. Ross, P. S. T. Croal, S. G. Comis, G. M. Henderson, V. J. Burczak, Esq.
 Front Row: A. Luciani, D. J. Morrison, M. Duguay, W. W. Stratton, J. K. Beqaj, Co-Capt., B. A. Boyd, Co-Capt., R. B. Smith, R. S. Childers, G. A. McTaggart.

FIRST FOOTBALL

Coach Bobby Simpson had a tougher job than usual this year. His players were relatively small, and through most of the season we suffered from a marked inability to put points on the scoreboard. Fortunately, the consistently strong performance by our defence made up for the lack of offence with the result that every game but one was close.

During the first three games we did actually score three touchdowns, but they were all nullified by penalties.

In the Bishop's game we finally managed to score a touchdown that counted, and we held this lead to beat Bishop's for the third year in a row.

The Old Boys narrowly managed a victory by scoring in the dying minutes of the game.

Lakefield was our best effort of the season, and those watching called it one of the most exciting games an Ashbury team has ever played. The three practices preceding the game made a permanent mark on all of us: we didn't believe that such productive, meaningful practices were possible. Our passing game finally clicked, and the line settled down to a strong, consistent performance. To our bitter disappointment, though, Lakefield won again in the last few minutes of play.

John Ellis won the team's most valuable player award; Richard Childers was the most improved player and Ronnie Anapolsky the best lineman.

This was Coach Simpson's last year of coaching, and we are all dismayed at the thought of an Ashbury team without him. He taught us football like nobody else could and has become an invaluable part of Ashbury life; but to those of us who played on his football team he is even more. He taught us the meaning of determination, and he has given us strength to help us through anything else we may ever do. For this we give him our deepest thanks, and we hope that he will carry with him good memories of Ashbury.

Results

Hudson Heights	0	12	Lost
Stanstead	0	39	Lost
Osgoode	0	6	Lost
Bishop's	7	0	Won
Osgoode	6	13	Lost
Selwyn House	8	7	Won
Lakefield	17	21	Lost
Old Boys	8	9	Lost

B. Boyd



SECOND FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row: J. G. Reesor, D. A. George, W. R. Plummer, R. Pelcis, K. S. Belding, M. D. C. Evans.
Middle Row: K. D. Niles, Esq., W. A. Price, S. T. Tanos, G. B. P. Johnson, J. W. Reid, S. A. Gray, I. K. Bleachley, C. Paterson, H. Penton, Esq.
Front Row: R. F. Sirotek, R. N. Newbergerh, N. W. Polk, Co.-Capt., S. J. Rigby, Co.-Capt., H. A. Christie, M. Lynch-Staunton.

SECOND FOOTBALL

While we didn't accomplish our goal of a winning season we came as close to that goal as possible. In a three-game season we had one win and two losses. One of the losses was by only one point. The other we'd sooner forget.

Next year, I believe, there is every chance of a winning season. This is not the usual 'wait until next year' statement, but an observation based on the fact that we had a young team (there was a preponderance of Grade Nine boys) and we had a good 'esprit de corps'. Add last year's experience to this 'esprit de corps' and you come up with a winning combination.

I'd like to extend our thanks to the coaches, Mr. Penton and Mr. Niles, for their time, work and patience.

Coach Simpson is leaving Ashbury. Although he was more involved with the First Team than with us, I can say that there's not a football player at Ashbury who does not have a deep feeling of loss. Our thanks and best wishes to Coach Simpson.

N. W. Polk



LEAGUE ALL STARS

Back Row: P. H. Josselyn, Esq., J. F. Cuttle, C. J. M. K. Yap, Vice-Capt., R. C. Y. Ng, J. A. Seay, Capt., D. C. C. Ng, D. H. Pearce.
Front Row: G. M. Jeffrey, L. Zunenshine, M. Garcia Ramos, A. Y. H. Chan, A. P. Leung.



FIRST SOCCER TEAM

Back Row: R. J. Anderson, Esq., D. Pryde, R. E. Hogarth, W. A. MacEwen, P. J. Richardson, T. A. Dickson, D. W. Lackie, P. Mangifesta.
Front Row: E. W. Cahn, M. L. W. Barnes, R. G. Luciani, R. L. Bennett, Vice-Capt., E. A. Jokinen, N. Macleod, Capt., R. Grant-Whyte, D. C. Paterson, A. Skolnik.

FIRST SOCCER

This year's team was one of the best at Ashbury in recent years. In league play we, for the first time, came first in our division, finally beating our main rivals, Sir Wilfrid Laurier High School. With this behind us we entered the playoffs confident of our ability, but were quickly knocked out by a team which we should have beaten. That game was a let-down to a good season.

In exhibition play we fared badly, failing to win any exhibition games. We lost to both Bishop's and Stanstead and could not even muster up enough energy to beat the Old Boys.

The team, though, was still relatively young and a good nucleus will return next year. We are losing about four starters, but the rest of the team will be back next year with one more year's experience and growth. The only spot which will be hard to fill will be that of goalie, which Ed Jokinen has amply filled for the past two years. Even so we have great expectations for next year's team. It should be a good season.

As a player I would just like to impress on the readers the importance of team work in a game such as soccer. I feel I can safely say that this year's team, although it had no superstars, was the best team which I have played on in five years of Ashbury soccer. I would also like to thank our spectators for their support and our coach for the help and guidance which we received this year.

To the team good luck for next year and I hope you bring home the silverware!

Results:

André Laurendeau H.S.	Won	5-0	Gloucester H.S.	Won	2-1
Sir Wilfrid Laurier H.S.	Tied	1-1	Rideau H.S.	Won	4-0
Colonel By H.S.	Won	2-1	Colonel By H.S.	Won	6-0
Rideau H.S.	Won	3-1	Stanstead	Lost	1-4
Gloucester H.S.	Won	3-0	Bishop's	Lost	0-4
André Laurendeau H.S.	Won	10-1	Old Boys	Lost	2-4
Sir Wilfrid Laurier H.S.	Won	1-0	Ridgemont H.S.	Lost	0-2

R. L. Bennett



SECOND SOCCER TEAM

Back Row: G. J. McGuire, Esq., I. C. Scarth, H. Veilleux, N. J. Spencer, M. Hodgins, L. H. Benfell, P. Taticek, V. Lynch-Staunton, D. A. Gilmore, D. J. Lurtz.
 Front Row: G. D. Cushing, G. Anapolsky, K. Bidner, J. McNeil, Capt., I. Stoddard, Vice-Capt., M. Kemper, M. A. Marion.
 In Front: J. W. Beedell.

SECOND SOCCER

Our season started with only one player returning from last year's team. The first game of our schedule was played at Gloucester High School after less than a week's practice. We tied it 1-1 and it gave us a reasonable idea of our weak spots.

The next game was an exhibition one against Selwyn House, played at Ashbury. We scored our first victory of the season, shutting them out 3-0. We subsequently won all but one of our exhibition games, the exception being a scoreless draw against Stanstead on Ashbury turf.

We did not do as well in the league, but our players gained some valuable experience.

Results:

Won:

Selwyn House

Canterbury H.S.

Gloucester H.S.

B.C.S.

St. George's

Tied:

3-0

3-2

5-0

7-4

3-1

4-2

Gloucester H.S.

Stanstead

Hillcrest H.S.

Canterbury H.S.

1-1

0-0

1-1

3-3

Lost:

Brookfield H.S.

0-5

0-6

Hillcrest H.S.

1-6

I. Stoddard



FIRST HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: B. Johnson, P. S. T. Croal, R. Anapolsky, G. Anapolsky, R. G. Luciani.
 Middle Row: W. A. Joyce, Esq., J. A. Ellis, R. L. Bennett, J. K. Beqaj, R. B. Smith, I. Bleackley, B. Bellamy, Esq.
 Front Row: E. W. Cahn, B. A. Boyd, Vice-Capt., M. Duguay, Capt., D. J. Morrison, Vice-Capt., R. G. Pimm.
 Absent: D. Pryde, S. Power, Manager.

FIRST HOCKEY

The senior hockey team had a frustrating season this year. Along with a shortage of games and practices, we had more than our share of narrow losses.

We only played 12 games, with one tie and five wins. Owing to this small number of games and practices the team had difficulty in molding together, and the younger players were unable to gain necessary experience.

These problems, however, should not be allowed to overshadow a basically good year in many respects. Congratulations are in order to the whole team for the effort and guts seen all year long.

The results of the games with our three toughest private school rivals were very disappointing. We lost to Stanstead 8-2, and the following week to Bishop's on their home ice. Lakefield was leading 7-1 at one point in their game and won the game by two goals in spite of one of Ashbury's strongest third period rallies ever.

Again this year the Old Boys' game was an excellent show, notwithstanding the one-sided score for the school.

The last game of the season (tourney in Maxville) proved to be the high point performance-wise. We were placed against a Fisher Park team that was composed largely of players from the Ottawa Junior Leagues. They were by far the best team we played all year, yet neither team was more than a goal ahead until they scored three quick ones in the last five minutes.

The Fraser Trophy for the most valuable player was awarded to Richard Bennett. The Irvin Cup for the most improved player was given to Rickie Luciani. The winner of the "team spirit" trophy, created by the players and awarded for the first time this year, was presented to our affable manager, Sean Power.

The captains this year were Marc Duguay, Bryan Boyd and Don Morrison.

I take this opportunity to give well deserved thanks to Mr. Bellamy, for his coaching made this season in total a success. We wish Mr. Bellamy and all those who will be back next year the best of luck.

A note of special thanks to Bryan Boyd and Jim Beqaj, for their work this year was more than appreciated. M. Duguay



SECOND HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: M. Kemper, P. Taticek, P. W. Wilson, D. J. Ross, P. Mangifesta.
 Middle Row: G. D. Cushing, J. McNeil, L. Desmarais, M. A. B. Webster, H. Veilleux, C. Paterson, V. J. Burczak, Esq.
 Front Row: G. M. Jeffrey, M. I. L. Robertson, D. B. Johnston, Capt., K. S. Belding, S. T. Tanos.

SECOND HOCKEY

This year's team had speed, hard hitting, finesse, shooting and, above all, perseverance. From the good results of our first few practices we realized it was going to be a good season. However, we didn't realize it was going to be near perfect.

Our captain was Dave Johnston, with Stuart Jelenick and Mark Webster as vice-captains.

In our first game against Sedbergh, Luc Desmarais, Leslie Zunenshine and Dave Johnston all collected hat-tricks, with Doug Ross on our defensive squad collecting a pair. The first game against St. George's was a tight one, but our shooting and penalty-killing were better than theirs. At one time we had two men in the penalty box for six minutes.

For our second game against Sedbergh we had only about seven members of the regular second team playing. We also formed the "Kid Line", which, although it didn't produce in this game, was going to be of great help against Amherst.

The second game against St. George's started out a tight one. Halfway through the second period the score was 2-1 for us, with St. George's threatening. However, our goal-tending met the test and we broke for four quick ones. Our goal-tending throughout the season was outstanding, with George Jeffrey, Peter Wilson and Steve Tanos carrying the burden.

The first of the two games against Amherst was a tight one, but they out-muscled us. The second game was the one in which the "Kid Line" of Geoff Cushing, Colin Paterson and John Lafortune saved the day for us. Each of them scored a goal, tying the game and then putting it out of reach for the boys from Amherst.

This was a team: there was great spirit, determination and teamwork. Next season should be even more successful than this one.

Results:

Sedbergh at Vanier Arena	Won	11-2
St. George's at Ashbury	Won	3-2
Sedbergh at Sedbergh	Tied	6-6
St. George's at McGill Arena	Won	6-3
Amherst, Mass. at Rockcliffe Arena	Lost	3-4
Amherst, Mass. at Hull Arena	Won	6-2

M. S. Jelenick



THE CURLERS

Back Row: L. H. Benfell, F. K. K. Chu, P. A. S. Johnston, E. E. Green, Esq.
Front Row: V. Lynch-Staunton, I. A. Stoddard, R. M. Kenny, Skip, G. McTaggart,
K. Rimsa.
Absent: J. W. Walker.

CURLING

High Schools in the Ottawa district are grouped into three leagues for inter-school curling. Ashbury had a very successful year in its league, finishing first. Unfortunately we did not do well in the city finals.

Again Ashbury entered the Tiny Hermann Bonspiel and again we did well, but not well enough to win. Over the Christmas holidays we entered teams in two Ottawa Valley bonspiels.

A highlight of the curling season was our trip to Bishop's. The second team, skipped by Victor Lynch-Staunton, was instrumental in gaining a total points victory.

The new school van and the taxi company saw lots of the curlers this year, as we were able to have ice at the R.C.M.P. Curling Club three times a week. It was a treat to watch some of the students 'discover' curling and really enjoy it.

Bob Kenny says; "Generally throughout the year the team played with spirit and cohesiveness. This was obviously one of the major reasons why we won games." I would like to add that the spirit, cohesiveness and skill of the school team were largely due to Ashbury's Curling Captain, Bob Kenny.

E.E.G.



THE SKI TEAM

Back Row: K. D. Niles, Esq., D. J. Siversky, J. A. Seay, D. C. Paterson, I. H. Smith, R. J. Anderson, Esq.
Front Row: G. Martineau, T. G. Martin, R. Grant-Whyte, W. W. Stratton, Capt., D. W. Lackie.
Absent: J. F. Cuttle.

SKIING

Our ski team participated in two major competitions this year: The Art Lovett Memorial Ski Meet, which we "won" but didn't win, and the Tri-School Ski Meet at Owl's Head in the Eastern Townships, which was somewhat spoiled this year when the school van was able to make it up all the hills.

In the Art Lovett, Ashbury eventually finished third in a field of thirteen local High Schools. The School was placed first in the slalom and third in the cross-country. Special mention should go to Tony Seay and Guy Martineau. Tony placed third in the individual cross-country results while Guy placed fourth in the slalom and sixth in the giant slalom. A miscalculation in adding the total points added an extra touch of excitement to the meet. Initially Ashbury was adjudged first and so was presented with the Art Lovett Memorial Trophy. However, a review of the totals the next day had the trophy and the glory transferred to a well-deserving Canterbury High School, much to the natural disappointment of the members of the team.

Again, at Owl's Head, the results were not quite what we had hoped for. In a field of five schools. Ashbury placed fourth overall, one place better, however, than last year. Our usual bad luck was with us as several disqualifications and a few untimely falls destroyed our chances for a second or third place. The School placed first in the giant slalom and third in both the slalom and cross-country. Jimmy Cuttle managed to secure first place in the individual results of the giant slalom, seventh place in the slalom and a surprisingly early ninth in the cross-country. Despite the results of the meet spirits were quite high and a good time was had by all, including Jimmy, even though he was the butt of some playful bullying.

The new school van, while adding much to travelling comfort, suspended much of the excitement of the trip when it did not have to be pushed up any of the icy hills in the Townships. This has always been considered the high point of the trip.

I'd like to thank members of the team, coach Mr. Niles and Mr. Anderson for making my last year with the team a most enjoyable one. I wish the team good luck in the coming seasons.

W. W. Stratton



THE SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: H. Christie, D. George, T. A. Dickson, M. A. Marion.
Front Row: C. Teron, R. Hogarth, H. J. Robertson, Esq., A. Skolnik, S. A. Gray.
Absent: P. G. Copestake, J. W. Beedell.

SWIMMING

In the past, participation in our swimming programme has been limited to competitive swimmers. This year, however, it was decided to divide the pool in half to allow for the participation of recreational swimmers as well. The experiment appears to have been a great success, as upwards of forty students took part.

In the competitive sphere Ashbury enjoyed mixed success. For the first time in three years we failed to reach the junior relay finals of the Ottawa Inter-High School Swim Meet, but in the individual events three swimmers reached final events: Hogarth, Gray and Marion.

During February Ashbury organized an inter-school meet at Rockcliffe C.F.B. pool to which four Eastern Ottawa schools were invited. Ashbury swimmers performed creditably to finish a close third to St. Pat's and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, both among the strongest schools in the city.

The climax of the swimming was the Ashbury Inter-House Swim Meet held in March at Rockcliffe. Good organisation and house spirit saw Connaught avenge last year's defeat and win a close victory by 197 points to 182. A total of ten new records was set during the meet.

H.J.R.



THE TRACK TEAM

Back Row: V. J. Burczak, Esq., R. Ng, D. C. Paterson, R. Pelcis, B. Wallin, Esq.
 Middle Row: G. McFaggart, R. M. Kenny, S. G. Comis, S. J. Rigby.
 Front Row: J. W. Beedell, G. D. Cushing, D. J. Morrison, M. D. C. Evans, K. S. Belding.

TRACK AND FIELD

The Track and Field team this year was large — 18 full and part-time members. However, many of the boys were new and inexperienced and this year was used as a training period. Doubtless, in years to come some fine performances can be expected of them.

This year, for the first time, early track practice, together with a few field events, was made possible by the use of the new indoor track and field facilities at the Coliseum at Lansdowne Park. Our fields were again under snow quite late into the spring.

A fairly large contingent of boys went to the Ottawa Regional Track and Field Meet. Of these, four boys — R. Luciani, M. Barnes, R. Kenny and G. McTaggart — proceeded to the Ottawa City Meet. R. Kenny then went on to the Ottawa Valley Meet as our only representative. He placed third there.

It was a fairly good season and I expect that the boys will improve over the next year to produce a very fine team for 1973.

V.J.B.

SPORTS AWARDS — 1971-1972

Senior Football:

The Lee Snelling Trophy	(M.V.P.)	— John Ellis.
The Tiny Hermann Trophy	(M.I.P.)	— Richard Childers.
The Mike Stratton Memorial Trophy	(Best Lineman)	— Ronnie Anapolsky.

Junior Football:

The Barry O'Brien Trophy	(M.V.P.)	— Nicholas Polk.
The Boswell Trophy	(M.I.P.)	— Stephen Rigby.

Senior Soccer:

The Anderson Trophy	(M.V.P.)	— Nigel Macleod.
The Perry Trophy	(M.I.P.)	— Michael Barnes.

Junior Soccer:

The Pemberton Shield	(M.V.P.)	— Gerry Anapolsky.
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Senior Hockey:

The Fraser Trophy	(M.V.P.)	— Richard Bennett.
The Irvin Cup	(M.I.P.)	— Rickie Luciani.

Senior Skiing:

The Evan Gill Trophy	(M.V.S.)	— Jim Cuttle.
The Ashbury Cup	(M.I.S.)	— Guy Martineau.
The Coristine Cup (Best Cross-country)		— Tony Seay.

SPECIAL AWARD

Ottawa-St. Lawrence Trophy

Division Champions High School Soccer

Nigel Macleod

Captain, 1st Soccer

SENIOR SCHOOL FORM LIST

JUNE 1972

Grade 13 — Mr. P. H. Josselyn:

Bennett, R. L.	13. 4.54 C+
Boyd, B. A.	28.11.54 C+
Chan, Y. H. A.	22.10.52 C+
Childs, P. A.	8.11.53 W+
Chu I, F.	15. 4.54 W+
Chu II, K. K. K.	15. 2.53 W+
Davies, G. C.	31.10.52 W+
Duguay, M.	28.12.52 W+
Jokinen, E. A.	15. 4.54 C+
Kenny, R. M.	13. 9.54 C+
Leung, P. C. A.	13. 9.54 C+
Liang, W. S. W.	7. 5.53 C+
Luciani I, A.	24.12.53 C
MacEwen I, W. A.	17. 8.53 W+
Richardson, P. J.	5. 4.54 W+
Rimsa, K.	31. 8.54 W+
Seay, J. A.	15.10.53 W+
Skolnik, A.	18.10.53 W+
Stirling, S. M.	30. 9.53 W
Stoddard I, I.	21.10.55 C
Stratton, W. W.	3. 6.53 C+
Wong, C. P. J.	24. 1.51 W+
Yap, C. J. M. K.	26.12.53 C+

Grade 12B — Mr. C. J. Inns:

Anapolsky I, R.	23. 3.55 C+
Cuttle, J. F.	20. 8.55 W+
Ellis, J. A.	13.11.54 W
Heaney, D. M.	17. 1.54 C
Hogarth I, R. E.	15.11.52 W+
Lackie, D. W.	26. 3.54 C+
Luciani II, R. G.	23.12.55 C+
Martineau, G.	10.11.53 W
Ng I, D. C. C.	17. 3.54 W+
Pearce, D. H.	22. 1.55 C+
Power, S. M.	25. 5.53 W+
Robertson I, M. I. L.	23. 1.54 C
Rogers, P.	4. 8.53 W
Spencer I, S. D.	1. 1.53 W
Webster, M. A. B.	1.12.55 C+

Grade 12A — Mr. K. D. Niles:

Barnes, M. L. W.	18. 5.54 C+
Beqaj, J. K.	19. 8.54 W
Couturier, H.	9.10.52 C+
Fabricius, C. P.	6. 6.54 W
Hope, P.	11. 9.55 C
Johnston I, P. A. S.	10. 2.53 C
Johnston II, D. B.	30. 7.55 C
Jones I, B. W.	27. 1.55 W
Joyce, C. M.	11. 6.54 W
Lynch-Staunton I, V.	24. 1.56 C
Macleod I, N.	9.10.54 C
Martin I, T. G.	16. 6.54 W
McKeown II, P. L.	9. 5.55 W
McTaggart, G. A.	7.11.53 W+
Morrison I, D. J.	20. 2.54 C
Ostiguy, P.	21.11.55 W
Pardo, P.	13. 8.56 W+
Plummer, W. R.	24. 3.53 W+
Siversky, D. J.	27.12.54 W+
Smith I, R. B.	13.11.54 C+
Smith II, I. H.	21. 6.55 W+
Walker I, J. W.	4.12.54 C
Yaxley, D. T.	14. 3.55 C

Grade 11A — Mr. H. Penton:

Benfell, L. H.	11. 9.56 W
Copestake, P. G.	22. 2.55 W
Croal, P. S. T.	27. 8.55 C
Dickson, T. A.	29. 1.55 C+
Grant-Whyte, R.	15. 2.55 C+
Jelenick, M. S.	26. 7.56 C
MacLaine, D. E.	2. 5.56 C+
Ng II, R. C. Y.	1.10.55 W+
Paterson I, D. C.	21.12.54 W+
Pimm I, R. G.	11. 5.55 C
Polk, N. W.	5.10.54 W
Rowlinson I, M. C.	9.12.56 W+
Sellers I, G.	19. 3.56 C
Spencer II, N. J.	3. 4.56 W
Stoddard II, F. L.	2. 1.58 C
Tanos, S. T.	17.12.55 C
Taticek, P.	12. 9.56 W
Veilleux I, H.	11. 4.56 C+
Walker II, R. S.	26.10.56 C

Grade 11B — Mr. G. J. McGuire:

Bates, C. R.	5.10.55 W
Bidner I, K.	13. 6.56 C
Cahn, E. W.	17. 4.54 C+
Chatel, J.	18. 4.55 C+
Childers, R. S.	24. 7.54 W
George, D. A.	21. 1.56 C+
Mangifesta, P.	20.12.54 C+
Pryde, D.	29.12.54 C
Ross, D. J. H.	5. 5.55 C
Scott I, A. N.	7. 7.55 C
Tutton, J. C.	23. 7.56 C

Grade 10A — Mr. B. Wallin:

Beedell I, M. J.	14. 8.56 W
Bleackley, I. K.	21. 6.57 C+
Buser, M. U.	1. 5.56 C
Charron, L.	15. 9.53 C
Christie, H. A.	26. 5.57 W
Garcia Ramos, M.	2.11.54 W+
Grahovac, S. Z.	16. 9.57 W
Henderson II, R. J.	24. 7.56 W
Mulock, W. F.	19. 1.58 W
Rigby, S. J.	10. 9.56 W
Towe, C. M.	17. 7.57 C+
Wilson I, P. W.	29. 5.57 C

Grade 9A — Mr. H. J. Robertson:

Ashley, W. S. J.	14. 6.58 C
Beedell II, J. W.	30.12.58 W
Belding, K. S.	27. 3.57 C+
Burke-Robertson, D. I. W.	26. 7.57 W+
Cushing, G. D.	13. 7.57 C+
Evans, M. D. C.	4. 8.58 C
Huston, R. H. F.	3.10.57 C+
Johnson, G. B. P.	2. 2.58 W+
Longsworth, J. K.	19. 3.59 W
Lynch-Staunton II, M.	28. 3.58 C
Marion, M. A.	22.11.57 C
McKenna I, G. R.	13. 2.57 W
Pelcis, R.	6. 4.58 W
Reesor, J. G.	1. 2.57 C
Robertson II, R. S.	7. 3.57 C
Singh, D.	23. 6.58 W
Stacey, H. P. H.	19.11.58 W
Stenger, P.	5. 8.57 C
Teron, C. N.	26.12.57 C
Warren I, D. R.	14.10.57 W

Grade 10B — Mr. F. T. Jones:

Anapolksky II, G.	13. 9.56 W+
Belanger, F.	16. 4.56 W+
Bonneau, M.	22. 3.55 C+
Comis, S. G.	4.10.55 W+
Desmarais, L.	8. 2.54 W+
Gray, S. A.	17.11.56 C
Hodgins, M.	11. 4.56 W+
Jeffrey, G. M.	3. 5.56 W
Loeb, A. H.	29. 9.56 C
MacPhee, J. P.	17. 3.56 C
McNeil, J.	13.12.55 W
Moore I, M. J.	23. 5.56 W+
Reid, J.	29. 7.56 C+
Sirotek I, R. F.	26. 9.56 W
Wilgress, E. D. C.	15. 7.54 W
Zunenshine, L.	27.12.54 W+

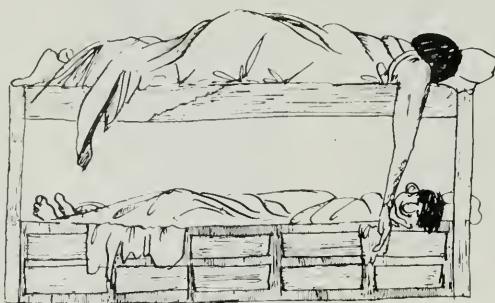
Grade 9B — Mr. V. J. Burczak:

Dowling, R. W.	10. 7.57 C+
Helmer, R. J.	11. 1.57 C
Kemper, M.	27. 9.56 C
Lurtz, D. J.	8. 3.57 W
McNulty, L. S.	17. 8.57 W+
Newbergher, R. N.	10. 8.56 C+
Paterson II, C.	22. 4.57 W+
Price, W. A.	21. 8.57 C+
Scarth, I. C.	26.10.56 W
Tapp, P. G.	28. 8.57 C+
Wright I, J.	7. 9.57 C+
Zagerman I, M. D.	16. 6.57 C

W — Woollcombe House. C — Connaught House. + Denotes student is a Boarder.



PHOTOS BY JANE EMBER



BREAKFAST BELL



BREAKFAST



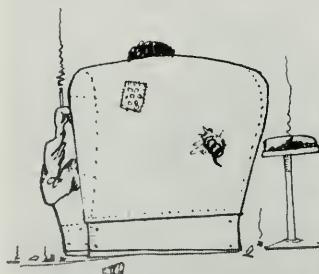
CHAPEL



SCHOOL

ASHBURY'S DAY

by S.
o.



BREAK



SPORTS

LOVE THEM OR LEAVE THEM

During my life I have had experience with many types of pet, such as dogs, cats, snakes, turtles, hamsters, and the like. But the most interesting animal I have found to be the horse, and although I have not had one as a pet, I have had some unique experiences with them.

To be blunt, I find horses about as personable as crows, more delicate than humming birds, less efficient than bicycles, and more expensive than floozies.

A horse is an animal who, left in front of an oat bin, will eat himself to death. A hot horse will drink water until his hooves fall off. Horses are very good at poisoning themselves: they have a fine instinct for finding, and an insatiable appetite for eating toxic herbs that brighter animals avoid.

Horses also have weak nerves; they are the most hysterical of all domestic animals. They will not only stay in a burning barn, but if led out will break away and go back to be broiled alive. Mere bits of paper blowing about, a flapping leather strap, oddly shaped rocks, wheelbarrows, beer cans, or simply reflected light, will give a horse the screaming meemies. However, the same enormous, towering beast that rears at a gum-wrapper will, in a savage fit of paranoia, turn on a man and bite or stomp on him.

Besides the afflictions they bring on themselves out of sheer stupidity or cowardice, horses are prone to a really spectacular number of diseases. A few of these troubles are: ringbone, spavin, corns, seedy toes, thrush, colic, heaves, constipation, coughs, colds, hives, boils and last but not least, sleeping sickness. If, perchance, you happen to get a horse, a veterinarian will translate these ailments into common English, for a common twenty-five medical bill.

So far as I know, horses are the only animals who catch madness, the way other animals catch colds. For example, there are "weavers" — animals who sway from side to side in their stall, hour after hour, day after day. Weavers, because they are weavers, have prodigious appetites but are seldom fit for riding — their energy having been expended in pursuit of their mania. And weaving is contagious. If one horse in a barn is a weaver, soon every other horse will pick up the habit, and the stable will resemble the rehearsal hall of the Bolshoi Ballet!

There are also the "cribbers" — horses who suck, chew, and mouth endlessly on the edges of stall doors, mangers or other pieces of wood. Cribbers grind down their teeth, and fill their stomachs with slivers. And there are the "wind suckers". They repeatedly throw back their foolish heads and swallow great gulps of air, which gives them colic and ulcers.

Finally there are many horses whose difficulties are individual and bizarre. Some will fly into a tantrum if, when being curried, the right side is not brushed before the left. There are horses who detest women; a horse I know must have a duck in his stall, and another will drink from a bucket only if the handle is turned towards him.

In view of what can and usually does go wrong with a horse, it is not surprising that the first consideration in buying one is finding a "sound" animal. This is not easy because (1) horses are, as indicated above, naturally unsound, and (2) horse sellers have as many ways of camouflaging horse defects as horses have defects.

Aside from this, a horse will always blow up his stomach when being saddled, so he can later slip his girth. Many detest being mounted from the right side and will show their unique disapproval in many original ways such as biting, kicking, or running off. Once on this beast, don't be alarmed if you never move an inch, or you go screaming across the pasture trying to break a new record for the mile. Or if you like a leisurely stroll through the manure pile then this might be the order of the day.

In conclusion, horses are stubborn, but when we think of what horses can be, these findings seem hardly worth mentioning, even if it means standing on the top of the manure pile.

It happened to me!

P. Croal

FUTURISTIC LOOK AT MY CAREER AS A GIRL WATCHER! (Age 46 and feeling it!)

Ever since I read somewhere that men were never meant to be tied to one woman all their adult life, I have felt better about looking around! Consider the situation on an airplane. Most passengers like a window seat where they can gaze at the scenery. I like an aisle seat where I can gaze at the stewardesses.

Clouds are pretty, but stewardesses are prettier. Unlike clouds they don't keep changing their shape every few minutes, and with the shapes they start with, why should they?

So I sit in an aisle seat and look at the scenery I like best. And the scenery, which knows I am looking at it, looks back and smiles at me. Maybe laughs at me, considering my age and all that, but I prefer to think not. Perhaps it's the altitude, but when I'm in the air, I forget about having almost no hair on top of my head and having a perfectly good wife at home (or sometimes with me).

I love the attention I get from stewardesses. The way they bring me a box of gum and hold it in front of me and trust me to take one piece. Or the way they look to see if my seat belt is fastened, as if they really care. My biggest thrill is when a pretty stewardess stops beside me, looks straight into my eyes, and says something very intimate and personal, such as, "Could I get you a magazine?" or, "Wouldn't you like a pillow?"

A woman who wants to please a man — either to get him, or keep him — should take a plane trip now and then and observe the stewardesses. Or a man can observe the stewardesses and make some helpful notes for his wife. The notes might include such things as: "Take off about 15 pounds," "Take off about 15 years," and "Bring me food and drink every few minutes." You know your own wife, but some husbands may find it advisable to use a suggestion box in their homes and not sign their names.

The airlines do a marvelous job of selecting attractive stewardesses with an appealing seatside manner. But they could do a little more. What I want in the little pocket in front of me, where they have all the flight charts and escape instructions and in-flight movie programs, is something really helpful, like;

"Miss Sally Wentworth, 36-24-35, graduate of Wellesley, spent junior year in Paris, interested in modern art and music, designs her own dresses, has read all the latest books, cooks divinely, and has no steady boy friend."

You see, I am not just an old ogler. I am looking for a wife for my son. While he is casing the college campuses, I am scouting the airlines. Even if I don't find someone for him, I will have done my parental duty. Somehow, feeling that I am doing something worthwhile, the trip seems shorter.

This brings me to the subject of jealousy. I have had dozens of attractive women colleagues, quite considerably younger than my wife. I have had hundreds of lovely students, several of them beauty queens. I have been alone with them far into the night. I have been with them in the remote corners of the library stacks, ostensibly looking for a book. My wife has never shown the slightest jealousy. Never a word of suspicion or complaint. Indeed, if I did receive a perfumed letter, addressed to me in a feminine hand, with "I love you" written along the back flap of the envelope, she would place it on my desk unopened, and not even ask me about it.

It's a little discouraging.

As a matter of fact, my wife doesn't mind my looking at beautiful women, she points them out to me.

"Don't look now," she tells me in a restaurant, causing me to whirl around immediately, "but there is a beautiful woman behind you. My, I wish I had a figure like that."

After I have stared at this luscious creature about as long as I dare without getting punched in the eye by her escort, my wife finds me another one.

"Look over there, next to the man in the light suit. Isn't she gorgeous?"

I look, and she is. My wife has impeccable taste in picking out the dolls. We make a fine team. She picking them out and I looking.

I always listen with awe and envy to married men who tell me of their conquests. I don't care whether these men do all the things they say they do. I just like to listen.

"There was this dame, see, I met in the supermarket," they begin. "Boy, what a looker! Well, we got talking, see, standing at the meat counter and would you believe it . . ."

I lean forward. My eyes bulge slightly. I try not to miss a word. Another time I am fascinated is when a man who has been divorced a few times tells me about his previous wives. It's hard for me to imagine having been married more than once.

I have a friend who has been married four times and is very generous with his tales about each of his wives. It seems a little unfair though. This man has to pay alimony while I get the benefit of his wisdom free. I am learning so much about women from him, without running any risk myself, that I really should pay tuition.

But when you've had only one wife, and never expect to have another, this is about the only way to enlarge your experience of the fair sex and matrimony (I hope!)

P. Croal

A SINGLE ROSE

'Tis not the winner,
But the loser,
Who gets celebrated.
For in the darkness
And the sand
Stretches the ever groping hand.
As those who know
And those who see
Go on winning endlessly,
The hand goes on and fights its way.
A single rose will wither
Without the water of wishing wells.
No coin in pocket, but lots to say
So many people along the way;
Upon a plateau you may stand
To watch the wind and changing sand,
Upon the water you may lie,
To stay above you've got to try
The radiant warmth from the burning coal.
But of the loser, what of his soul?
A single rose —
For winners are losers on death's dark day.

P. Childs

SOUTHERN RUN

You lie there

Motionless on the track,
Like an ancient beast about to pounce,
Your valves and pistons ejecting
Mounds of steam,
While they feed you

more and
more and
more.

Then as your great drivers

Start to turn,
And the noise of steel on steel increases,
You're off to London
Gathering speed,
While they feed you

more and
more and
more.

Across a country

Of patchwork fields,
A land where people who work each day,
Watch you thunder by
Streaming smoke and ashes,
While they feed you

more and
more and
more.

Then across a sea

Of bungalows,
You steam your way toward the city—
A mass of buildings
large and small,
While they feed you

less and
less and
less.

You lie there

Motionless on the track,
Like an ancient beast about to pounce,
Your valves and pistons ejecting
Mounds of steam,
While they feed you

less and
less and
less.

D. Johnston

THE SORCERER

The night is dark and lonely;
The cloud-chased moon
Seems to rush in headlong flight
Across the starless sky.

High on the rocky, windswept crag
Devoid of life save for the few withered bushes,
Howling, as if tormented,
The faintest flickering glow
Dives and catches . . .

The black shadow crouches,
An all-concealing cloak around,
And naught but gloom inside . . .
He feeds the growing light,
And casts some pagan herbs
Upon the flame.

A cloud rises, dark and all-consuming,
Leaving naught to sight
Save the Sorcerer:
"Annon ed Hellen, edrohi Ammon!
Fennas nogothrim;
Lasto beth Lammon!"
The clear voice echoes forth,
Across the never-ending plain.
The cloud whirls and grows;
The Demons are Coming!

The aeon-long sleep is ended:
A One has arisen as mighty as the Ancients
And has called them forth in the Forgotten Tongue.

The cloud boils and writhes in torment,
The agents of Mephistopheles are growing,
Feeding.
And above all stands the Sorcerer,
Arms outstretched, face yet unseen
Sunken in the depths of the cloak.

The Demons are sated.
Suddenly, the plain is flooded with a burning light
And a voice rings out
Like an infinity of bells;
And the very roots of the earth shudder
In knowledge of the Battle to come.
The Sorcerer is revealed:
The cloak is gone; he is all in white:
"Evil ones!
Begone! Into the furnace whence you came;
Never to curse this place again!"

The flames leap up,
And a rending stream of dying souls
Dies away as the smoke is consumed.
And the White Sorcerer stands,
Gazing at the dimly glowing embers.

The night is dark and lonely,
But in the East the sky is greying.
All is calm . . .
The moon, now serene,
Floats to her ever-present, unattainable lair:
And the Sorcerer goes forth alone
Into the new Dawn . . .

M. C. Rowlinson

TIRED, LORD

Lord, I'm tired of this world;
Not because it's bad, oh no!
That I don't really mind, after all,
That's the way things always were.

But it's dull, Lord, and squalid;
Even villainy lacks style.
No colour and artistry — Who would have thought,
To destroy could become as boring as terrible?

Not all bad, but getting worse;
Ten Westmorelands for each Dayan,
At least ol' Jack the Rip was picturesque,
Modern muggings are a bore.

Lord, couldn't we have a little fun?
Or even fear then, since it helps to show
That we're alive? I mean, Bluebeard
Was better than cancer, no?

Give us a few old-style monsters,
A Caligula or two, or Nero maybe.
Don't forget Attila, Genghis, Timur too.
Competent at least, weren't they?

Because, y'know, as villains, Mao
Or Nasser just aren't much fun!
And while you're at it, you might throw in
Some purple palaces, some swords,

The odd hero, damsels in distress
(or distressing damsels, to ensure equality),
Epic orgies in high form, adventure,
(In reasonable quantities — no less!)

In short, a modest prayer, O Lord!
Not for more security (anymore of that
And I'm for the padded cell, by God!)
Just for more novel means of being terrified.

Something to do, is that too much to ask?
In the meantime I've a date — Pardon, Lord,
With Carter (John) on Mars (courtesy of Burroughs)
And Conan, Tarzan, some buddies of that ilk.

By the walls of Ilium, o'er the wine-dark sea —
Think it over while I'm gone, so
Maybe You can see your way to take
A hint from fiction, to enliven life.

S. Stirling

ECHO FROM A TWISTED LADDER

“Hey, sonny — tired of wine and beer?
Buy some hashish, there’s nothing to fear.
As you can see it’s really a joke
C’mon and have another toke.
But if you want something that’ll really
make you flip
There’s nothing quite like an acid trip.
Wow! It’s a gas, it’s so cool.
Do a tab — don’t go to school!
If something heavier is what you need,
Pop some of this, they call it — Speed.
It’s about right now that you should start hitting,
To get a strong rush — a needle is fitting.
Now sonny, if you really want to touch the sky,
The answer is heroin — the ultimate high!
The Big H. smack, horse or junk.
No one gets hooked, that’s a lot of bunk.”

But after a few fixes he just can’t quit
He starts everyday with a heavier hit.
“Listen, sonny, you bought the stuff,
Come across with the bread or my friends’ll get rough.”
This nightmare of narcotics becomes unreal
When the kid’s gotta go out and start to steal.
He rips off people and the liquor store,
No two ways about it, he has to have more.
He’s too strung out to go to the clinic,
He lives and lives only for the hypodermic.
He screams out for God, as withdrawal sets in,
To stop all his pain and free him from sin.
His body is rotting — he just can’t stand it,
He needs and he gets a very big hit.

Towards his shattered shell he brings the needle close —
The one that turns out to be an overdose.
The needle is found still pierced into the veins
Of this ‘human being’ that died in chains.
An echo is heard ‘round the wretched wayward youth’,
That reeks of injustice and social truth.

“Hey, sonny, tired of beer and wine?
Dope can be yours, but your soul will be mine!”

N. Macleod

The needle lies —
Broken, on the floor.
Beside it, a young man,
Dying.
Now, questions of why? are as
Meaningless as advice,
Useless as sympathy.
What can we do?
Nothing.
The decision rests
Elsewhere; into God’s hands,
We commend
His spirit.

I. Smith

THE DEATH OF A WORLD

Terok sat silently on the stool gazing wistfully upwards. How beautiful the day was, with the sun shining through a slightly scented mist and the sweet chirping of the birds. Terok was a prime specimen created by Tod. He walked along the soft grass and picked some fruit from one of the laden trees. He shared some of his fruit with another man near him who acknowledged it with a smile. Terok was at peace with himself in this living paradise.

A cluster of people formed around him, and he knew it was again time to visit Tod. They took their gifts of food and pretty stones and headed into the forest. When they reached the cave, they ceremoniously placed their offerings on the golden altar that had been salvaged from the Old Ones' pointed buildings before the virus had spread.

A brilliant beam of light flashed from the dark cave, and their gifts were gone as they always went. The fur-clad people tramped off towards their huts, happy that their provider and protector had accepted their gifts. As they entered the village, they met the two outcasts of the tribe they had thought gone. They were imperfects who were emotionally different. The man and woman gained pleasure from touching each other and enjoyed travelling together. Tod had almost destroyed them because they had wandered out of the forest boundaries. Again the couple had the incriminating evidence that they had been to the Old Ones' shelters — for they had mirrors, combs, glass, clothes and a small sculpture taken from a museum.

The man gave an account of his journey into the Old Ones' city that has buildings reaching to the sky. He explained that the crippling virus that had so mysteriously wiped out their ancestors many suns ago had now faded away.

Some of the younger people of the tribe rallied to his side. He insinuated that the remaining elders were weaklings and cowards to be led and fed by Tod. The elders faltered with indecision, for they had witnessed Tod's unearthly powers, although they had never seen him. However, they began to feel foolish for thinking that these humble huts were to be equal to the massive, shining buildings that were now at their disposal. They felt Tod had tricked them into an unrewarding life.

In a frenzy of anger they trampled through the forest, stooping to pick up rocks or branches in hopes of destroying their Tod. As the first group pushed the altar aside and entered the cave, a burst of light struck them down into wisps of smoke. The others were more careful and slipped through cracks in the side of the cave avoiding the centre and hugging the shadows.

A beam of illumination from the top of the cave shone down on a shiny, box-like contraption. It was Tod. Terok recognized it as a vast network of machinery quite advanced to any he had seen in the Old Ones' city. A booming voice echoed in the cave: "I am your saviour, for it was I who saved you from the virus. It was with this virus that the Old Ones foolishly caused their own doom after they had made me. But you have failed me and I must dispose of you." Tod's intricate gears began to hum and his death-dealing beam shot out for the final time.

J. Beedell

MY FRIEND

I sit and glare, hating all mankind,
I run, happy, rejoicing in the sun;
And she sits and glares,
Or runs, playful, radiating joy.
She reflects my every mood;
Her brown eyes show wisdom, or child-like glee.
She is of mixed ancestry;
But I am told that she is mostly collie.

M. C. Rowlinson

FREDDY

"Hi, there! I'm Fred, the Fire Extinguisher! Don't look at me like that! What'sa matter, man, you prejudiced? Oh, I see! Some of your best friends are fire extinguishers. Glad to know that. And your favorite personality is the president of the Kiddee Fire Extinguisher Company. That's a relief. For a minute there, I thought you were one of those racist types. No, I'm not neurotic. I'm your average run of the mill fire extinguisher. You'll find one on most walls near any *Hot Spot!* Yuck, yuck, get it? Hot Spot, yuck, yuck! I've got a great sense of humour, you know. Oh, yeah! All my friends call me fun-loving Freddy. They see me on the street and they say, "There goes fun-loving Freddy!" Yes, that's true, every race has their problems and we are no exception, we have many *Hang-Ups!* Oh there I go again! But I couldn't resist it. I'm just so funny! Oh? You would like to know about my background? Well, I come from a long line of great fire extinguishers. My grandfather was a pressurized water extinguisher, my mom and dad were dry chemical fire extinguishers. Huh? Oh, I put them away! No, not that kind! They're spending their retirement in comfort at the Cedar Ridge Water Works. Of course I love them. They just didn't understand me. You see, I'm of a new generation; CO₂ fire extinguishers. Man, we're a real COOL bunch. Ho, ho! Almost missed that one, didn't you? You have to watch me, I'm quick! What do you mean, you don't get it? CO₂, Cool, see the connection? Good! No!! Of course not! I hate fires!!! Why? Oh, I'm not sure but it's some sort of disease that effects fire extinguishers and humans. First the disease hits humans and as a side effect it harms us. I'll explain. Say a fire starts; well, the humans go rank. They start to rush around for a while and then the disease gets them. They run up to us, and we're just hanging around, get it? and they grab us so hard, that they pull our bodies right off our legs. This causes quite a bit of nausea, to say the least. Then they stick their fingers in our ears and pull our ear off. This makes the sickness worse. After this we're pretty far gone, but the last straw is when they squeeze our heads. As soon as they have done this we barf furiously. For some peculiar reason the sight of our vomit seems to cure them of the disease. They take us to the hospital, feed us a good meal until we are full, give us a new ear, and attach our bodies onto our legs again. I hate the feeling but feel good once I'm back on my own *two feet!* Yuck! Yuck! Caught you again! What do you mean, that's the last straw? It wasn't that bad! What are you doing with that match? No! Don't light that wood, you know I'll get hurt by the humans. Don't go!!! Stop!!! Boy, some people have no sense of humour! Guys like him really *burn me up!* He, He, He, Ho, Ho, I'm really *hot* today! Yuck! Yuck! I must be going mad, I'm foaming at the mouth! Ha, Ha, Ho, He, He, Yuck, Yuck

D. MacLaine

PROGRESS?

I like to lie in the grass
In the meadow,
In the warm rays of the Sun,
While the cool fragrance
Of wintergreen
Permeates the glade in the forest,
And the soft calling
Of a doe to her fawn
In the thicket beyond
Can be just barely heard.

BUT ONE DAY A HERD OF
BULLDOZERS ATE THE
MEADOW.

H. Christie

THE SILENT CITY OR A TRIP FOR TWO

Along filled streets
I walk alone,
With only the one who is with me.
We talk and we laugh,
But they do not hear,
They would have spoken,
If not for fear.
About their business and on their way,
Don't ask them "why"
'Cause they've got nothing to say.

It's on a bus,
and off again.
Up some stairs,
and down again.
Down a road,
and back again.
And then the cycle,
starts again.

In silent valleys you hear the screams,
Of someone running to catch his dreams.
A lot of things get in his way,
But what they are he cannot say.

And if you wonder where it's at,
It's up and down — enough of that.
The only reason I found out,
Is I can cry instead of shout.

P. Childs

LAUGHTER

One who can laugh at himself can laugh at the World

Laughter's such a jolly trait;
For happy people it can make
Of boring folk who never smile
But sneer and grimace all the while.

Some people laugh so loud and clear
Their breath and voice burn off your ear;
Their loud guffaws will split the air
And send things flying everywhere,

While others make a wretched sound
Which sounds like bayings of a hound;
They gurgle, cough and spit, and soon
Everyone else has left the room.

But take a person just like me
Who laughs his laugh just perfectly,
A laugh which rings clear as a bell
Just like a voice straight out of heaven.

K. S. Belding



PHOTOS BY M. L. W. BARNES

IN MEMORIAM MEI

. . . And the bittersweet taste of time passing
Lingers, as the ghost of an unwelcome flavour:
Grey and untextured,
As memories
Of long-decayed hosts,
Somewhere still marching on.

They tell us that war is a curse,
And I do not deny it.
Would that they had been there that summer.
Rank on well-scrubbed rank we stood,
Hearing the speeches,
But listening to the bugles sounding 6000 miles away.

God, but we suffered!

The bugles sounded little else but "Taps".
We had no friends,
But many close acquaintances;
And so the pain was deadened.
I remember Paris as an interlude,
Seen but darkly through an alcoholic haze.
I am told we won;
Though in what I cannot see.

I am a hero now, they say,
And all my wants are cared for;
I have naught to do but grow old,
Although in the very best of company.

There is John, who died of fever
In '41 or '42;
The Germans got Barry and Dave;
The medic said Anne died of "natural causes".
They never age or go blind,
And nor do I, with them,
For I was dead in '45
'Though it doesn't really show,
And only the old are deaf enough to hear me
When I tell them . . .

M. C. Rowlinson

LOVE

After so much
sorrow . . . O, now
I understand
that love is
a gathering
of love . . . a
harvest of laughter
and smiles.

S. Spencer

?

Behind the stars?
Behind the ever-changing panorama?
A wall?
Before the stars?
Us?
Before us?
Him?
Him?
Us?
1, 2, 3, . . . end
Live?
Bomb?
Die?
Faith!
Love!
Him!

J. W. Walker

THE GLORY ROAD

And I will again set my feet upon that path
And tread the Glory Road
To fame, to fortune, or perhaps to death,
Because I am a Man
Driven by the common goad of all my folk,
Our precious outward urge
That sets our feet to wandering far
And uplifts our gaze;
Has set our paths to roaming, and souls to wandering
In fair-sailed Argosy
Away from hearth, to lie in restless graves
Divoreed from kin,
Unsatisfied with peaceful fields our fathers won
And well-worn ways,
To barter with the stranger-folk, for silk,
Ivory, apes, and spicess,
And perhaps for gold won with sword or pick.
Yet not alone for gain
Do they lie on the far-flung beaches,
Merchant and Conquistador.
More lead them from their homes to die
Than wealth's prospect.
The heart sustains, in storm and bloody field,
To walk new ways,
Hear strange speeoh, see the new lands,
Where the very air is new
And dream of home leagues distant;
Later to flee
Before the wind laden with strange, exotic plunder,
Knowledge, tales and brags
And to know, more fully than the dead-souled ones,
That they have lived, and are Men!

S. Stirling

THE THORN OF SPRING

It was spring and the torrential rain in its ferocity was flattening the great elephant grass, cleansing my face and my punished body and those of my friends . . . friends

Tomorrow was that long awaited day when the 68th Special Forces Group was taking the great "Freedom Bird" to far-off islands, then home, away from the suffering hardships and roses of Vietnam. A great day indeed, so I thought, walking through the damp darkness to an inner perimeter bunker.

I stopped, stood there, looked back and there before my eyes, light! A blinding light. I hit the ground or rather it hit me. Explosions, fire, destruction, hundreds screaming, shooting, sacrificing themselves for those following. I scrambled towards the bunker. Barred! V.C. pointing his AK-47 at me. God! This is my death! Flash! Death, death, darkness

Pain! Body-wracking pain! A scream burst from the caverns of my throat. Death did not favour me, not yet.

Another spasm of pain. Then, warmth? A relaxation of tense muscles. With fear of the unknown I dared to open my eyes. Sunshine, joy, life!

It was only with what seemed to be an unbelievable burst of willpower that I managed to raise my head, to see a mind-shattering scene.

Pain rose in my body once again and stared at the severed limb on my legs. No, no, NO! Darkness.

Waking I realized it was a new day. I'm going home today. The fight! Arm! The arm, God no, not my arm. Fingers tearing at my eyes? Fingers, ten fingers. Relief.

The sun was directly above, beating down in all its fury. I must have lain there for hours before I tried to raise myself. I turned on my side; there, five feet away, lay a charred body, a body with a gaping wound where a limb had once been. It was only on my fourth attempt that I succeeded in rising to my feet completely, only to reel backwards into a pit behind me. A shell hole.

I clambered out. Pain was racing up and down my leg. It was then I noticed a gaping wound, a silver object protruding from the bone of my knee. A shell shrapnel.

Now I understood fully my unsuccessful attempts to rise from my grave.

There I sat at the edge of a hole, on charred soil, smelling the stink of cordite and burning flesh.

The war was ending for the Americans in Vietnam. So said the politicians. There is going to be no Jet offensive in '72, Nixon's left for China. Sure, peace for this spring.

There I sat among carcasses of friend and foe alike, the solitary survivor. It started to rain.

It was spring and the torrential rain in its ferocity was flattening the great elephant grass, cleansing my face and body and those of my friends . . . friends

K. Rimsa

THERE

There is a place I go
Alone
To wander in the lonely corridors
Of the mind.
I listen to the crowd around me
And retreat
Surrounded
And yet alone.

M. C. Rowlinson

STREETLIGHT REVELATION

I went for a walk along that long road last night. It had only two street-lights that worked. One of them shone at the end of a clean erect post. The other light didn't shine as brightly as the first; it sort of emitted a dull glow that came from the top of a crooked and battered post.

By some coincidence, these two streetlights stood very close together. As I walked past them, they cast two shadows on the road beside me. I continued walking but at the same time remained intrigued at the two dark me's, simultaneously moving on the asphalt. The shadows appeared to be two completely detached bodies that were joined only at the feet: like two people stemming from the same body. One shadow was tall, dark and clean looking. The other one was faint. It hunched forward and had an evil smile on its face. Its hand seemed to hold a knife. I thought I heard a scream; the feel of warm blood, the eternal gaze of her eyes. I broke out into a cold sweat. Realization. I looked at the two shadows on the road beside me. It seemed as though the evil one was moving closer and closer toward the tall clean one. The faster I walked, the faster the hunched shadow moved. No. Not again. Suddenly one of the streetlights went out. It took a few seconds for me to realize that there was only one shadow left. The shadow was the one I really wanted.

A. Skolnik

THE NIGHT AFTER HALLOWE'EN

The wind blows
Cavorting amidst the fallen leaves,
Sometimes whistling softly
Through the trees.
A car flashes by
As if followed by the hounds of Hell;
And still the wind blows.
The clouds streak past,
For all the world like racehorses
In the final stretch.
And the occasional leftover pumpkin
Stares balefully from a door step.
A candywrapper blows past,
And from somewhere
The studiously neutral tones
Of a radio announcer
Are informing us that
56 children have been treated
For razorblade cuts in the mouth . . .

M. C. Rowlinson

FORGETTING BOOKS

Sometimes — although not very often,
Say once every blue moon (perhaps longer)—
We're allowed to read in English class.
This is a very special occasion—
It's very rare — and we are always
Pleased when we are awarded such a day.
In fact — I get so excited —
That I forget my book!

Anonymous

WESTWARD HO

It was a beautiful spring day, perfect for a stroll along the river, throwing stones, looking at the ducks through the binoculars. I had gotten down past the water purification plant and I spied an island, about 15 feet from shore across a narrow, shallow channel. Ah, I thought, a perfect place to sit down, rest my feet, and stare at undisturbed wildlife.

Eh? What was that? I wheeled around on a wet rock, more fool I, and my feet went out from under me. My head hit a rock. It didn't knock me out, but I was dazed. I looked around. Hell. Whatever it was was gone. I looked again. What had happened to the sub-development across the river? It was gone! I surveyed the situation around me. The landforms were the same as before, but something was missing. All signs of human habitation.

I sat down and thought. Could it be that I had knocked myself out and this was a dream? I pinched myself. No luck. I kicked a stone. I hurt my foot but I didn't wake up.

So it was real. What to do now? Walk until I found some human habitation? I might have to walk across the Atlantic. If I waited, I might wait forever. I picked up my lunch and ate a sandwich — a little food might do me good.

It was quiet. Some birds chattered. All of a sudden I caught a movement out of the corner of my eye. A flight of doves startled by something. Then I heard something. The strains of a song reached me. And around the bend in the river came . . . a canoe, of the type the voyageurs used.

I didn't know what to do. Probably this was still an uninhabited land, and if they picked me up I would be thoroughly interrogated. Or I could say I was a private explorer and my boat had been wrecked in the rapids and all I'd been able to save was my lunch. I'd banged my head and somehow forgotten the year. They would laugh at how this poor English fool didn't know enough to portage around rapids and how the French knew better.

When the voyageurs drew within shouting range I hailed them. That gave them a start! What was a white man doing out here in the wilderness? However, they paddled over for a closer look, and seeing that I was pure Caucasian, they landed, surrounded me and asked questions. All at once. In French. And if my French wasn't too hot they'd know I was from across the Channel.

Suddenly I was aware of a shock of red hair pushing its way through the circle. The red hair belonged to an enormous Scot, a whale of a man, muscular, with a large red walrus mustache. Thank God, I thought, somebody who can speak English. If there was a Scot among them, I was in the early nineteenth century. At a signal from him, the Frenchmen moved away from me. He had a fire lit and we sat down next to it.

"And where aire ye from, milad?" I distinguished from the thick burr and the muffling mustache.

I thought a moment. If I said Halifax . . . no, that was the wrong place. I put on my best New England broad "a" and said, "Boston. My parents were loyal to the King during the Revolution and they went to Halifax."

"Aye," he said, "aye." He pondered a moment and said, "But what company hired ye?"

I thought again. There were two rival fur-trading companies in the early nineteenth century, so I know I was treading on thin ice. "The Hudson's Bay Company. What's the latest on the Nor'Westers?"

"Aeh!" he said. "Haven't ye heard? We merged last month!" So I was in 1821. A cute fate. I'd only have to live another 150 years to get back where I came from.

"Aye, that's a funny suit ye're wearin'!" The Bermuda shorts — it had been hot — and my shirt had attracted his attention. "Don't the bugs bother ye this time o' the year?"

I was glad that I wasn't in the era of magic.

"I developed an ointment which the insects find distasteful, so they stay away. But the ingredients are too expensive to produce to sell." This averted the all-too-obvious question of marketing.

"Aye," he nodded. "Aye. And what're ye doing way baek here?"

For this one I was ready. "The Bay hired me to look around for a good place for a post up-river, but yesterday my boat got wrecked on the rapids above here. I was travelling with an Indian, but — God rest his soul — it was all I could do to save myself, and he couldn't swim. You'd better keep an eye out for those rapids — they're vicious."

"Would ye like to travel with us? We're going up-river to tell the posts o' the merger." I said that that was agreeable. "Aye, but that's a nasty egg on your head. We'd better take care o' that before we go."

We put the fire out and, shouldering the canoe, marched off along the shore, past the rapids, a distance of about a mile, and finally we shoved off. The Scot, whose name was Dunnean, and I sat in the canoe talking, until I said that I felt like paddling a little. Duncan told the smallest Frenchman, a boy of not more than eighteen, to take a break, and I took his place. To try me out, the voyageurs burst into song. Fortunately I knew it.

"En roulant, ma boule roulant," as we paddled on. "En roulant ma bou-oule."

We heard a crash which sounded like a frightened animal running away. An explosion beside, and a paddle of ducks rose up.

Suddenly there was a gun shot, and paradise disappeared. An Indian was standing on the river bank pointing his gun and shouting in broken English and French.

"Pourquoi doan' you go baek où you come from?" Bang. Splash. "Vous êtes taking away notre land, an' ver' soon we doan goin' to have rien! Go chez vous!" Bang. Splash. Bang . . . thunk. Bang . . . splat, erunch. A bullet grazed my head where I'd banged it earlier that day.

Duncan had picked up his gun and was blasting away at the Indian. The boat almost capsized with each shot. We righted ourselves after one of these shots and, lo and behold, the Indian had slumped to the ground.

We paddled ashore. I was getting weak from loss of blood and collapsed as I crawled out of the canoe.

"I think he's going," I heard the incredulous Scot say. "He . . . he's disappearing!" I blacked out.

I woke up almost immediately. They were gone. I was alone. Somehow I was several miles up-river from where I'd fallen. I felt the egg on my head. It hurt. It was going to be a long walk, and my watch said 5 o'clock. I'd have to hurry or the RCMP, OPP and Ottawa city police would be looking for me. What could I tell them? I'd be put away if I told them the truth . . . No, I'd tell them nothing. I wasn't a criminal, I wasn't going to be interrogated.

Some time later I found a journal of a Scot of the 1820's.

"July 23, 1821. Picked up a peculiar-looking stranger this morning.

Said he was from Halifax. Were shot at by a fanatical Indian.

Stranger was killed, buried, with due ceremony."

F. Stoddard

THE CURSE

For three hundred years, while its fame spread across the world, the little town had stood here at the river's bend. Time and change had touched it slightly; it had heard from afar both the coming of the Armada and the fall of the Third Reich, but all of Man's wars had passed it by.

Now it was gone, as though it had never been. In a moment of time the talk and treasure of centuries had been swept away. The vanished streets could still be traced as faint marks in the vitrified ground, but of the houses, nothing remained. Steel and concrete, plastic and ancient oak — it had mattered little in the end. In the moment of death they had stood together, transfixed by the glare of the detonating bomb. Then, even before they could flash into fire, the blast waves had reached them and they had ceased to be. Mile upon mile the ravening hemisphere of flame had expanded over the level farmlands, and from its heart had risen the twisting totem-pole that had haunted the minds of men for so long, and to such little purpose.

The rocket had been a stray, one of the last ever to be fired. It was hard to say for what target it had been intended. Certainly not London, for London was no longer a military objective. London, indeed, was no longer anything at all. Long ago the men whose duty it was, had calculated that three of the hydrogen bombs would be sufficient for that rather small target. In sending twenty, they had been perhaps a little overzealous.

This was not one of the twenty that had done their work so well. Both its destination and its origin were unknown: whether it had come across the lonely wastes or from above the waters of the Atlantic, no one could tell and there were few now who cared. Once there had been men who had known such things, who had watched from afar the flight of the great projectiles and sent their own missiles to meet them. After that appointment had been kept, high above the Earth where the sky was black and sun and stars shared the heavens together, there had bloomed for a moment that indescribable flame, sending out into space a message that in centuries to come other eyes than Man's would see and understand.

But that had been days ago, at the beginning of the War. The defenders had long since been brushed aside, as they had known they must be. They had held on to life long enough to discharge their duty; too late, the enemy had learned his mistake. He would launch no further rockets; those still falling he had dispatched hours ago on secret trajectories that had taken them far out into space. They were returning now unguided and inert, waiting in vain for the signals that should lead them to their destinies. One by one they were falling at random upon a world which they could harm no more.

The river had already overflowed its banks; somewhere down its course the land had twisted beneath that colossal hammerblow and the way to the sea was no longer open. Dust was still falling in a fine rain, as it would for days as Man's cities and treasures returned to the world that had given them birth. But the sky was no longer wholly darkened, and in the west the sun was settling through banks of angry cloud.

A church had stood here by the river's edge, and though no trace of the building remained, the gravestones that the years had gathered around it still marked its place. Now the stone slabs lay in parallel rows snapped off at their bases and pointing mutely along the lines of the blast. Some were half-flattened into the ground, others had been cracked and blistered by terrific heat, but many still bore the messages they had carried down the centuries in vain.

The light died in the west and the unnatural crimson faded from the sky. Yet still the graven words could be clearly read, lit by a steady, unwavering radiance, too faint to be seen by day but strong enough to banish night. The land was burning: for miles the glow of its radio-activity was reflected from

the clouds. Through the glimmering landscape wound the dark ribbon of the steadily widening river, and as the waters submerged the land that deadly glow continued unchanging in the depths. In a generation, perhaps, it would have faded from sight, but a hundred years might pass before life could safely come this way again.

Timidly the waters touched the worn gravestone that for more than three hundred years had lain before the vanished altar — the church that had sheltered it so long had given it some protection at the last, and only a slight discoloration of the rock told of the fires that had passed this way. In the phantom light of the dying land, the archaic words could still be traced as the water rose around them, brushing at last in tiny ripples across the stone. Line by line the epitaph upon which so many millions had gazed slipped beneath the conquering waters. For a little while the letters could still be faintly seen; then they were gone forever.

Good frend for Iesus sake forbeare,
To digg the dust encloased heare
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones.

Undisturbed through all eternity the poet could sleep in safety now: in the silence and darkness above his head, the Avon was seeking its new outlet to the sea.

P. Pardo

UNTAMED LANDS (BACK TO NATURE)

The lawns recede,
Dotted with the occasional bench
Criss-crossed by neatly gravelled walks,
Scrupulously clean and natural.
Well-groomed trees;
Garbage cans peep coyly around the trunks:
Keep our city clean, they cry.
The faint and unfocused noises of the metal denizens
Of the outside world,
Scarcely penetrate,
And the carefully cultivated silence
Is occasionally broken by the muted tinkle
Of a bicycle bell.
A street-cleaner passes by.
Cleaning the spotless,
Unnoticed and unremembered.
The fish pond,
Full of clean
(Guaranteed by aqua-cycle aerators)
Water
And sickly goldfish.
A squalling baby,
In his pram
Disturbs the noonday peace,
And an elderly gentleman glares.
All is well
In the park.

M. C. Rowlinson

SUMMERTIME

A stray newspaper blows in the summer breeze
Wraps itself around a tree
Like a lost child.
A drunk lolls over
And subsides
On a bench.
The leaves
Chase themselves
In an unending game
Eddying, whispering to the wind.
No children playing
And laughing.
Only a drunk and the silence
Alone with the sky.

M. C. Rowlinson

LASTING MEMORIES

My love was beauty and innocence,
Ignorant of the pleasures and dangers of love.
I touched her but once,
I the lover of a goddess.
I went to her.
The wind blew freedom!
Only I could touch her.
Must man hold so much confidence?
She hid in my blindness
Lying there in innocence.

How could I have been so blind?
I heard broken whispers;
He loved her and she? . . .
I loved her.
Why? Why?
I was possessed with fear.

A. Luciani

NAMES

How does it feel
To spend your whole life trying
To make yourself visible,
And your presence felt,
By the way you obey the rules
And how you fit in our little group,
And emerge as a star-lit success;
So how do you feel
When your short life ends
And even memories fade away,
Until your presence is felt
Only by a lonely old gardener
Who takes care of the flowers
Round the name that was you?

R. Bennett

THE POND

As I look into a pond,
I see life:

 Trees.
 Birds.
 The sun.

Its surface, a shimmering, opaque-yet-transparent mirror,
reflects me back to me.

 There is light.
 Shade.
 Silver.

Within me, I feel a stirring of primeval elements;
something is awakened.

 It is shapeless.
 Soundless.
 Is it harmless?

Suddenly, I feel that I must enter the pond.
Merging with it will open new horizons.

 Depth.
 Coolness.
 We become One.

I feel its being and its ancient memory
reaching into the very backwoods of my mind.

I know Death.
 Birth.
 Age.
 Youth.

I will never ever be the same as I was,
for I am constantly changing.

 Tranquility
 The chain of Life,
 And the link called Death.

I search into my new self for my purpose,
but it is hidden from me.

My age is now beyond all reckoning,
and I fear no drought.

I. Stoddard

FREEWILL

When you wake up in the morning
Friendly greet the new-born day,
Use all you have been given
And let nothing be taken away,
For everything comes from within you,
I think you know what I mean,
Then you could be the greatest person
That the world has ever seen;
Now I don't want to hear any excuses,
Don't want to hear no lies,
You can do just what you want to,
If you open up your eyes,
For the world can be your footstool,
And the universe will be
Exactly what you want it,
If you use your mind to see.

R. Bennett

MODERN TIMES

Vietnam
Bloodshed
Violence
Murder
Rape
ME
God
Peace
Contentment
Jesus Christ
True Happiness

R. Smith

A CASE FOR SWEARING

Most sensible humanity
Quite often use profanity,
It keeps you from insanity
By letting off your steam.

However, used too frequently
It tends to lose its potency,
And then, to keep your sanity,
Instead you have to scream.

And so, you choose your kind of noise,
To swear or merely raise your voice;
But this is not the easy choice
That it at first may seem.

For just to gain the reputation
Of being a guy whose exclamations
Are always so loud they cause sensations
Makes demands upon your spleen.

But, if you indulge with moderation,
I guarantee that liberation
Of heart and voice is more sensation —
— Al than yelling till you're green.

R. Huston

We are ships
In a cruel sea,
Sailing our lives
To nowhere
But the reef
Where we shall sink.

P. McKeown

WHAT IF . . .

What if
God is up there
Laughing at us?

R. Smith

THE SEARCH

A new page
and another
strangely familiar
face
enters my book
who knows
if this is just another chapter
or actually the beginning of the story
but whatever
we all must agree
that this is not a used cigarette
to be crushed with the
salt and peanuts
in the old broken can

Nor is this
a puff of smoke
to be dispersed
by the chilly drafts
sweeping in the cracked window
because now
it is no longer cold outside
but rather
the sun is rising
casting the first streaks of warmth
upon the shattered wasteland
and it is time
to open the door
and begin searching
amidst the rubble
for the missing
torch

Maybe she'll stay
to help in the hunt
and maybe
I'll stay
because she has lost something
too.

A. Seay



SECOND AND THIRD GENERATIONS

R. M. Kenny, W. A. Joyce, Esq., C. R. Bates,
W. A. Price, P. A. Grant, I. N. Rhodes, M. R. Viets, E. D. C. Wilgress



Ashbury starts its third generation: the Rhodes family with the Headmaster. E. N. Rhodes, Esq., Jr. (1946-55), W. A. Joyce, Esq., I. N. Rhodes (1971-), E. N. Rhodes, Esq., Sr. (1916-25). Ian Rhodes was awarded the Stephen Clifford Memorial Prize for the year 1971-72.

**JUNIOR
ASHBURIAN**



**ASHBURY COLLEGE
OTTAWA**

VOLUME XVII

1972

EDITOR OF THE JUNIOR ASHBURIAN — M. PIMM
 FACULTY ADVISOR — D. L. POLK, Esq.

Day Boy Monitors

BOB BRODIE
 DAVID HOGARTH
 IAIN JOHNSTON
 BOB MORRISON

Boarder Monitors

GUY CUZNER
 BILL FULLER
 PHIL GRANT
 ANDY MOORE
 CLERMONT VEILLEUX

Choir Monitor

IAIN JOHNSTON

HOUSE CAPTAINS

Senior Dragons — R. MORRISON
 Senior Goblins — I. JOHNSTON
 Senior Hobbits — R. BRODIE
 Senior Wizards — W. FULLER
 — C. VEILLEUX

Junior Dragons — M. O'MEARA
 Junior Goblins — N. SIROTEK
 Junior Hobbits — E. HALL
 Junior Wizards — F. ELLACOTT

Top House-point Winners

I. JOHNSTON	— 84	W. FULLER	— 63	P. DEEPAN	— 52
I. RHODES	— 67	A. MOORE	— 58	D. JOSSELYN	— 52
D. BEEDELL	— 66	R. MORRISON	— 57	P. MARTIN	— 50

Boys whose M.L.T.S. standing was 80% or better - excused final examinations

TRANSITUS A	TRANSITUS	FORM IIIA	FORM III	FORM II	FORM I
Hogarth	Moore	Ablack	Lay	Abrahamsen	Beedell
Johnston		Deepan		Puttick	Fonay
Jones		Heaton		Welch	Lamont
Wilson II		Johnston		Zwirewich	Maclarens
		Josselyn			Martin
		MacDonald			
		Magner			
		Rhodes			
		Van Veen			

LIBRARIANS

Brookes	Deepan	Johnston IV	Pimm
Campbell	Flynn	MacDonald	Torontow
Cuzner	Johnston III	Major	Warwick

GOLDEN BOYS

TRANSITUS A	FORM IIIA	FORM II
Beesack — 7/9	Ablack — 6/9	Abrahamsen — 8/9
Johnston — 9/9	Deepan — 8/9	Puttick — 9/9
Mierins — 6/9	MacDonald — 8/9	Welch — 5/8
Welch — 2/3	Rhodes — 9/9	Zwirewich — 8/9
Wilson II — 9/9	Litvak — 5/5	
TRANSITUS	FORM III	FORM I
Brodie — 8/9	Irving — 7/9	Beedell — 9/9
Fuller — 9/9	Lay — 9/9	Cuhaci — 8/9
Moore — 9/9	Sellers — 6/9	Fonay — 8/9
Motta — 9/9		Kadziora — 6/9
Veilleux — 7/9		Lamont — 6/9
		Maclarens — 8/9
		Martin — 8/9
		Viets — 6/9



JUNIOR MONITORS

Back Row: R. A. Brodie, G. Cuzner, A. G. Moore, P. A. Grant, D. E. A. Hogarth.
Front Row: W. N. Fuller, A. I. Johnston, M. H. E. Sherwood, Esq., C. P. Veilleux,
R. S. Morrison.

EDITORIAL

As editor of the Junior Ashburian I feel I am in a position to say that this year has been a good one.

Looking back on my time in the Junior School, I would further like to say that I have enjoyed my years here very much. I will be very interested to compare the Senior School with its more grown-up attitudes with the atmosphere which I have found in the Junior School.

Of all the schools I have attended, this has been the best by far, and for once, *all* the teachers are good—far above the public school level.

As Mr. Sherwood says, it is the boys that make the school, and he is right.

The boys live up to the high standards remarkably well. In addition to learning from their text books, they learn how to work and study on their own; how to take responsibility; and most important, they learn to follow the golden rule, which we interpret as respect for other people's feelings and property.

I think that everybody who goes to this school will have fond memories, and will thank their lucky stars that they were privileged to attend.

In my opinion this is the best school in Ottawa and in the surrounding area.

Matthew Pimm

Editor's Note: Special thanks to those who contributed to this edition of the Ashburian; a great job!

SCHOOL NOTES

It is trite to say that everything is relative. However such sayings are trite, mainly because they are true. The success of any one school year is relative. Perhaps there are three relationships when we consider the Junior school year at Ashbury. One would be in relation to the public schools in the Ottawa area; another would be in relation to junior schools in other independent schools; the third would be a comparison with other junior school years at Ashbury. It is this third relationship which we will consider briefly.

In his closing remarks to the assembled Junior School just before the boys were marched off to their places at the closing ceremonies, Mr. Sherwood said this had been a good year. He pointed out that his judgements on these occasions were considered ones, and reminded the boys that at the end of the previous year his summation had been "fair". He expanded his judgement by saying that this had been one of the best since he became headmaster in 1967. I can further expand this by stating the school year just ended was one of the best, if not the best, since the Junior School became a separate unit in 1954.

Now as to this question of relativity. I believe that our standard is high. Our teaching, our games coaching, and perhaps most important the cheerful atmosphere of the school has kept this standard high. When we have a "fair" year, we are not disappointed; when the year is "good" we are proud. When the four minute miler runs his race in 4 minutes and one second, he has still run a very fast mile.

This year has had its full share of extra-curricular activities. Many are mentioned in the following pages. To complete the picture we record visits to the theatre (Treasure Island, Life with Father, Swiss Family Robinson); frequent ski trips to Fortune and Mr. Tremblant; a very healthly turn-out to watch the '67's wallop Hamilton 4-0; the Elmwood junior dance; the circus. Guitar and art lessons, held after school, have been popular.

It will be difficult to improve in 1972-73; but we are far from being complacent! The difficult always presents a challenge.

DLP

JUNIOR SCHOOL HOUSE COMPETITION

Again this year House competitions provided zest. From the outset it seemed apparent that it would be difficult to overcome the golden Dragons, and they maintained the lead throughout. A hotly contested race for the second position was won by the Hobbits, who alternated with the Goblins all year. The Wizards kept everyone honest, and members of that house scored very well in individual standings.

The House competition stimulates a strong drive not only on the games fields, but in the classroom as well. It does the masters' hearts good to overhear one of the House captains giving a blast to a young miscreant who has been put on detention, thereby losing points for his House.

Congratulations to this year's winning House, the Dragons, and to their coach, Mr. Beedell.

PUBLIC SPEAKING "72"

This year's public speaking contest saw eight contestants.

GRAEME MCKENNA spoke on spirits and ghosts. Yeach! But a very convincing speech.

TIM MAHONEY's topic was snowmobiles. The amusing speech told of all the hazards and enjoyment in snowmobiling.

FRASER MACNÍCOL gave us a very serious talk on drugs and drug abuse.

ANDY MOORE's hilarious speech on early experiences in Brooklyn left everyone rolling on the floor with laughter.

ADRIAN BROOKES spoke to us on obesity. His speech must have made a few people more conscious of themselves.

ROBERT SMITH's talk honoured and revealed much of J. F. Kennedy's life.

KEITH MACDONALD told us about all the modern and ancient methods of communication.

The other contestant was IAIN JOHNSTON. He gave an amusing talk on today's movies.

The judges were Mr. Josselyn and Mr. Green. An innovation this year was that the speakers had to give impromptu answers to questions asked by the judges following each speech.

All the contestants spoke excellently and congratulations to them all, but alas, every competition has only one winner. After a lengthy conference the judges emerged with a winner. It was Iain Johnston, with Graeme McKenna as runner-up.

Iain Johnston

EDITOR'S NOTE: Iain does not mention that he went on to win the city-wide public speaking competition and was sent to the Eastern Ontario finals. Ashbury is proud of his accomplishment.

GRUB DAY

This year grub day was a success with about 90% of the school coming in either very tattered, dirty clothes, or just in casual wear. Some of the more amusing costumes belonged to Byford, who came as a mummy; Marchant, looking like something left over from Biafra; Campbell Keith, who like Beesack, tried to pass himself off as a human mud sculpture. Every person who wanted to wear non-school clothes had to pay 25c which went to St. Michael's Mission in South Africa. The \$5.00 prize for the grubbiest grub went to Campbell Keith from Form II.

J. P. Campbell

JUNIOR SCHOOL AWARDS

On Saturday, June 10, 1972, the School Closing was held. In addition to the Form and Merit Prizes, there are a number of special awards which boys in the Junior School can compete for. These are The Woods Shield, for the all-round boy who was kind and good in marks and sports; The Clifford Memorial Trophy for the boy with the highest amount of house points; the Woodburn Music Prize; the Polk Prize for poetry reading; The Charles Gale Trophy for public speaking; The John Michael Hilliard Memorial Prize for Merit; and the Pitfield Shield for the winners of the House competition.

J. P. Campbell
P. Beesack

OPEN HOUSE

At Ashbury there is an annual Open House. This is designed so that parents and other people in Ottawa who are interested in Ashbury can see the school in action and can find out exactly what kind of school this is.

Many parents came and watched while classes were going on, while others saw the art exhibit in Argyle. This exhibit was under the direction of Mr. Claude Depuis, the art teacher.

The parents discovered how their sons were doing in the class room, and I think that Open House was a complete success.

John Beesack

POETRY READING

As usual there was a strong interest in this contest and class eliminations had to be held. Three boys were chosen from each form. These were the finalists: Ablack, Beedell, Bidner, Fonay, Hall II, Heaton I, Lighthart, MacDonald, McKenna, Morrison, Puttick II, Scott, Spencer, Tkachuk and Wilson III.

This year's judges, Mr. Polk, Mr. Babbitt and Sean Power, were faced with a formidable task in picking a winner.

As it was my first year I started off with an idea that poetry reading was a bore. After a few poems I began to realize that poetry reading was not such a bore, and I began to like the way some of the boys read.

The poems were of all varieties, modern, prose and traditional. All in all, it changed my mind completely about poetry reading.

MacDonald was the winner with Morrison the runner-up.

Guy Warwick

PARENTS NIGHT

Junior School parents were out in full force on the night of October 29th. In some respects the Reception was different from those held in earlier years. Because the number of students has increased considerably, the parents were divided alphabetically into two shifts, one group discussing problems, or swelling with pride from the praise given their son, attended from 4:30 to 6:30; the second group attended from 8 till 10 p.m.

As in the past the boys helped direct parents to classrooms, and handed out sandwiches and coffee. Some of us helped on both shifts and by the time we got home we were pretty tired. All in all it was a pleasant experience.

M. Pimm

THE POLITICAL SCENE

October was a busy month, and during that time Ashbury was host to three candidates in the provincial election. Each man represented one of the main political parties. They were Mr. I. Kimmerly, Liberal; Mr. D. Deneau, N.D.P.; and the Hon. Bert Lawrence, Conservative. Mr. Lawrence is a former Ashbury boy, and he seemed to be the favourite of the audience, which included some Elmwood girls.

Mr. Deneau was swamped with questions, but handled them well. Mr. Kimmerly's speech was full of humour, and he was very active in the rebuttals which followed. All in all the meeting went smoothly and Mr. Joyce was the Chairman.

The debates were lively, and everyone was satisfied, especially Mr. Kimmerly who grabbed a roast beef sandwich before he hurried on to another meeting.

J. P. Campbell

JOSEPH AND HIS COAT

On April 27 and 28 the Junior School presented "Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat"—a cantata, oratorio, operetta (call it what you will) by the composer and librettist of "Jesus Christ, Superstar," Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice.

The present writer was amazed to find that the piece had nostalgic connections with his own youth! It was written for Colet Court School in London, where he spent five reasonably formative years as a boy; and its composer is the son of Dr. W. S. Lloyd Webber, one of many teachers who tried unsuccessfully to steer him through examinations in harmony and counterpoint!

The work tells the story of Joseph in full, but with a refreshing lack of piety and reverence. The music is vaguely rock, but of a less uncompromising kind than that used in the later and better-known work. It has been recorded, but the recording utilises elderly teen-agers in the leading roles, and has little of the freshness and spontaneity which the younger boys of Ashbury brought to it.

The singing was quite first-rate, and Mr. Fred Graham is to be warmly congratulated on the amazing improvement he has achieved in the school's singing in such a short time. The whole Junior School took part; the musical élite were on the stage, and all the others were stationed to left and right of the audience.

In a narrative composition, the words are obviously all-important. Copies were provided for the audience, but they couldn't be read once the lights went down. No matter; such was the clarity of the enunciation that every word came over clearly and unmistakeably, so the printed text was not really needed. However, it was nice to have it as a souvenir.

Mr. Peter Josselyn, as producer, kept the visual aspect simple but effective. Groupings and movement were good, and most of the costumes were colourful: Joseph's coat, however, did seem a bit pallid after the vivid build-up which preceded its appearance!

Joseph was played by Iain Johnston. This "diminutive youngster" (as he was recently described in another publication with which your scribe has been associated!) sang clearly and confidently. His pathetic little number in the jail scene, and his smile (which was, thankfully, very much in evidence) would have melted the stoniest of hearts. Here is a talent which future custodians of Ashbury's Gilbert and Sullivan tradition should watch with care and interest.

Other good solo performances came from Brady Bidner as Pharaoh and Sean Wilson as Asher. Bob Morrison was an impressively dignified Jacob, whose affection for his favourite son came over most convincingly.

Altogether a most enjoyable and worthwhile undertaking. Our only regret about the show was its brevity, but it's always a good thing to get up from the table wanting more!

G.W.T.

THE CHOIR MOVIE

This year the Choir went to a movie. The movie was "Diamonds are Forever". Even though the bus was late in arriving at the school we managed to see the whole show. On our way to the movie house we sang a few songs. They were not hymns. When we arrived at the theatre we were given extra money to buy food to eat during the show. In all we had a good time.

Robert Byford



THE JUNIOR SCHOOL IN QUEBEC. CHATEAU FRONTENAC IN THE BACKGROUND

THE QUEBEC TRIP

On the whole, I think that everyone enjoyed the School Trip very much. This is my account.

We left Ashbury at about 9:00 on the morning of the 17th of May. We stopped on the way to eat box lunches provided by Ashbury and arrived at the Chateau Frontenac at 3 o'clock or so in the afternoon. Then we were split into two groups, one going to the wax museum and the other going to the Musée du Fort. The Musée du Fort contained a diorama of the Battle of the Plains of Abraham and after.

When both groups had visited both exhibits we went on a walking tour of Old Quebec, which was very scenic indeed. We were all given maps, and we set out either on our own or in little groups. After this we had dinner at a place called L'Esplanade. Lights Out was approximately 10:00 p.m.

The next morning we rose at about 7:30 and had breakfast at 8:00, once again at L'Esplanade. Returning to the hotel, we cleaned up.

Our first visit was to the Citadel. It was very interesting to see all the old guns and battlements. Following this tour we walked to the parliament buildings. It was extremely interesting and historical. Then we toured the Audio-Visual Centre where we saw many species of Canadian birds and a lot of other things. Following this visit we went to the Aquarium which was very colourful and exciting. We also remained there for lunch.

After lunch, we drove to the zoo which was very exciting. Following the visit to the zoo we travelled along the north shore drive to Montmorency Falls, which were beautiful. Arriving back at the hotel we had free time until The Big Dinner at 7:00.

Following dinner we had free time and lights out was about 10:00.

The next morning found us on the return journey, and we arrived back at Ashbury at about 2:30.

In my opinion the trip was a great success.

J. Coyne

THE SKI MEET

The Junior School does not have a ski team, but for the past four years the skiers of the Junior School have held an inter-house competition. About 50 boys have taken part in the Meet which is usually held at Camp Fortune. Non-skiers have spent the day at the Y camp with toboggans.

This year the school went to Calabogie Peaks where we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ellacott, and of Mr. Biewald.

In the Senior Division the winner was James Lay. Second place went to Brian Bisiker, and third to Ian Rhodes. The Ellacott brothers came first and second in the Junior Division. Gordie Luciani was third. I think that everyone, tobogganers and skiers, enjoyed themselves.

Chris Scott



THE M.L.T.S. TRIPS

On Monday, June 5th of this year the examinations started, but those of us who were lucky enough not to have to write these exams had a series of trips arranged for us. Here is what we did. On the first day we went to the Rhodes cottage. There we had lunch which consisted of hot dogs, potato chips, canned drinks, popsicles and doughnuts. Some boys went fishing, while others went hiking and boating. In the late afternoon we all went for a swim in the lake.

The next day Mr. Humphreys took us to the Science and Technology Museum in the morning, and to the Art Gallery and the Dairy Queen in the afternoon. At the Gallery we saw a lot of interesting things; at the Dairy Queen we bought 15c ice cream cones. Later we went to Keith MacDonald's swimming pool where we had lots of fun.

On Wednesday Mr. Beedell took us to see the Rideau Canal and explained how the locks worked, and gave us some history on the canal itself. Next we went to Long Island Locks, where we watched a boat going through. We saw a couple of more falls, and then drove to Smiths Falls to eat lunch. After lunch we played a few games, then headed for the Hershy (Hershey?) Chocolate Factory. There we saw a film on the process of making chocolate, and went through the factory itself. When we left we received a souvenir from the factory and started for Billy Johnston's house where we went swimming and had some refreshments.

Finally on Thursday, the last day of trips, we went to the cross country track meet in which Ashbury placed 2nd. We came back for lunch, and then left with Mr. Flynn to play minnie golf. After everybody had finished, Mr. Flynn gave an ice cream cone to the boys who got a hole in one. Since most people got a hole in one, Mr. Flynn ended up buying everybody an ice cream cone. We then boarded the van and set out for Ashbury. Our thanks to the masters and parents who made these trips so pleasant.

LIBRARY NOTES

In these times when the younger generation is screaming for peace it seems ironical that the most read book in the school library is "The Tools of War", a pictorial description of World War II weaponry. The book only remained in the library long enough to be checked out again!

This year the library has been the scene of the stamp club, and the stamp sale, a successful scheme to collect money for a school stamp collection.

The library was very popular all year and gave a good job to the librarians, who managed with a lot of hard work to keep it in pretty good shape.

It's a hard job, but well worth it. We are thankful to the boss librarian, Mrs. Loftus, for her cheerful help all year.

M. Pimm



CHESS

The 13th Annual Junior School Chest Tournament attracted the usual interest with about three-quarters of the school entering the competition. The results are listed below. One interesting post championship game should be mentioned. Leslie Zunenshine was the winner of the Senior School competition and he was challenged by our winner Eric Wilson. The game was won by Willy, who can therefore consider himself the chest champion of Ashbury College. Congratulations.

TRANSITUS A

Wilson	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
Beesack	Brookes	Brookes	
Brookes	Campbell		
Pitfield	Mierins	Mierins	
Mierins	Nicol	Nicol	
Nicol	Johnston		
Johnston	Morrison	Morrison	
Morrison	Rowlinson	Rowlinson	
Rowlinson	Spencer	Warwick	
Spencer	Warwick		
Warwick	Puttick	Puttick	
Puttick	Welch	Puttick	
Welch	Marchant	Marchant	
Marchant	Pimm		

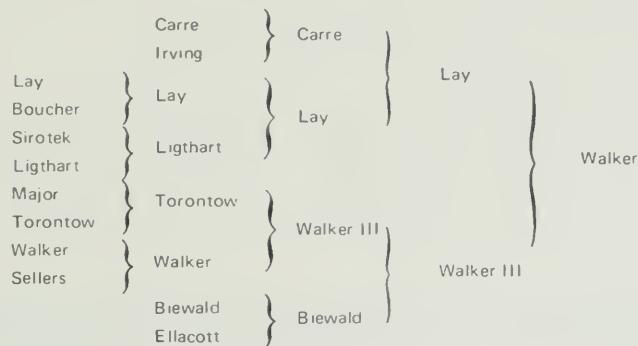
TRANSITUS

Adjeleian	Adjeleian	Brodie	Dron	Dron	Dron
Zagerman		Brodie	Dron		
Brodie	Dron	Dron			
Dron	Heaton	Heaton			
Heaton	Byford	Fuller	Fuller		
Byford	Fuller	Wilson	Wilson		
Fuller	Lafortune	McKenna	McKenna		
Lafortune	Wilson	Motta	Motta		
Wilson	Moore	MacLeod	MacLeod		
Moore	McKenna	Robertson	Robertson		
McKenna	Motta	Cuzner	Cuzner		
Motta	Bisiker	Veilleux	Veilleux		
Bisiker	MacLeod				
MacLeod	Robertson				
Robertson	Cuzner				
Cuzner	Veilleux				
Veilleux	Veilleux				

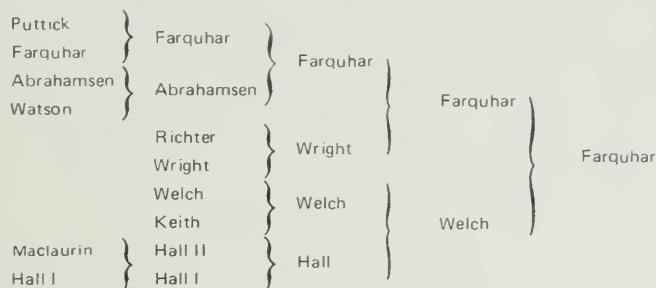
IIIA

Ablack	Ablack	Ablack	Ablack	Ablack	Josselyn
Litvak	Bidner	Bidner			
Bidner	Breen	Breen			
Breen	Diplock	Diplock			
Diplock	Flynn	Flynn			
Flynn	Verhey	Verhey	Josselyn		
Verhey	Gall	Gall	Josselyn		
Gall	Josselyn	Josselyn			
Josselyn	Heaton	Heaton			
Heaton	Rushforth	Rushforth	Heaton		
Rushforth	Jones	Jones	Heaton		
Jones	Pilaar	Pilaar			
Pilaar	Hambleton	Hambleton			
Hambleton	Macdonald	Macdonald	Deepan		
Macdonald	Magner	Magner	Deepan		
Magner	Deepan	Deepan	Deepan		

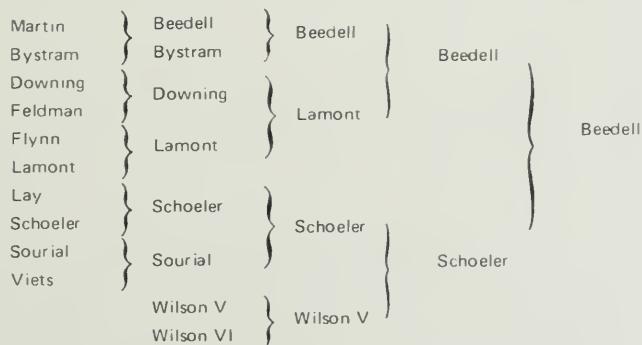
III



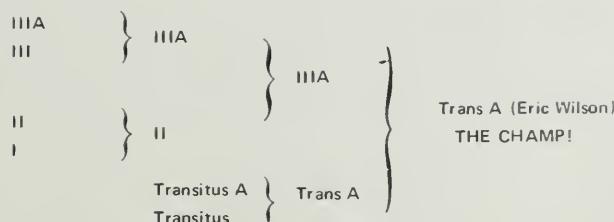
II



I



FINALS



SAILING

This year I found it hard to make the sailing team.

Robert Pimm from the Senior School made up a test and asked any boys with sailing knowledge to try out for the team by writing the test. Matthew Pimm, Rowlinson and I were picked to represent Ashbury.

On June 2 we drove off in Mr. Tottenham's car. We arrived at Lakefield after a three hour drive and were glad to get back on our feet again. We were greeted at the school, then drove off to check into a hotel for the night. Once we were in bed we found it difficult to get to sleep. I guess we were nervous.

When we got up next morning we were eager to sail and we hoped we would win.

After a hearty breakfast we rigged our boats and went off for a practice sail. When we were all assembled the director of the events told us that there would be five races, two in the morning and three to be held in the afternoon.

In the first race we ended third, and in the second race we came in fifth. This was mainly because there were only five boats racing.

However we had the afternoon ahead of us and we were confident we would do much better. Unfortunately in the third race we came fifth, in the fourth, fourth, and in the last race we came last.

When the totals were announced we had 43.6 points and ended up in last place, but I enjoyed the racing anyway, and I am sure Pimm and Rowlinson did too.

Bill Fuller

TOBOGANING

As Fred Ellacott crossed the finish line of the cross-country run in under 30 minutes, Mr. Sherwood proudly declared that we would have a half-holiday for toboganning at the Y centre in the coming winter.

At long last came the winter and the Ashbury Juniors boarded busses, paid their 25c toll and were soon on their way to the Y centre. Upon our arrival we trooped inside the lodge, got our tags and ran outside for half a day of toboganning. There were several hills to slide down and all were extremely steep. Soon our toes began to freeze, so we went back inside the lodge where most of us ordered hot dogs or hot chocolate. After our lunch we returned to the hills or went sleigh riding, pulled by two white horses. All too soon the half day ended and sadly we trooped onto the busses to go back to Ashbury College.

Later that winter some of us went toboganning again because we were not involved in the House Skiing competition. I'm sure that everyone enjoyed toboganning last winter and we are very grateful to Mr. Sherwood for allowing us to go to the Y centre for that wonderful half day holiday.

J. Beesack

RIDING

On Saturday mornings at around 9:15 we head for the Triple L Ranch. It's about a half-hour's drive from the school. Mr. Humphreys, who is in charge, usually drives us up in his car. This is a lot of fun.

Shortly after we arrive we are mounted and away. The horses are always in good condition. The horses which we got most familiar with are Red, ridden by Mr. Humphreys; Lucky, ridden by Luciani, and Captain who was mine.

After a good ride we leave for Ashbury and arrive just in time for lunch.

P. Grant

JUNIOR SCHOOL SPORTS

SOCER

Our soccer team has had a great year. Our record was very impressive and we managed to get into the city finals against the Ottawa Tigers. We lost the game by one goal scored in the last five minutes.

Our season's record of 9 wins, three ties and only 2 losses speaks for itself. I'd like to thank Mr. Sherwood for his great coaching.

J. W. Pitfield



JUNIOR SOCCER TEAM

Back Row: M. H. E. Sherwood, Esq., M. Parra, A. G. Moore, R. A. Motta, R. S. Morrison, S. F. B. Wallick, P. A. Grant, D. Josselyn.

Front Row: H. F. Hermosillo, M. W. Tkachuk, D. E. C. Green, P. M. Wiener, W. N. Fuller, J. G. R. Lafortune, J. W. Pitfield, A. I. Johnston, C. J. Veilleux.

FATHER-SON SOCCER GAME

After a fantastic season, the Soccer team, at the suggestion of Mr. Sherwood challenged their fathers to a game.

There was a fairly big turn-out with lots of fathers participating.

It was a really hard game and both teams played well, but the game was scoreless.

Although the fathers played well, I think that we played better!

Among the fathers who played were Messrs Johnston, Josselyn, Pitfield, Motta, Abrahamsen, Flynn, Zwirewich, Sirotek, Rushforth, Heaton, Fonay, Gall, Rhodes, Biewald, Robertson and Beedell.

Mr. Joyce and Mr. Sherwood were the referees of the two games played.

J. W. Pitfield



SECOND SOCCER TEAM

Back Row: J. D. Coyne, J. F. Biewald, I. N. Rhodes, M. Van Leeuwen, W. E. Johnston, J. M. C. Lay, J. H. Humphreys, Esq.
Front Row: J. G. Pilaar, J. D. Beesack, G. J. Luciani, R. T. Lighthart, T. G. Farquhar, A. J. Rowlinson, A. E. Micrins.
Absent: B. D. Bisiker, Capt.



THIRD SOCCER TEAM

Back Row: T. C. Tottenham, Esq., M. M. Sourial, B. C. Flynn, K. D. Ellacott, C. I. Lay, N. L. Fonay, R. J. Feldman, G. C. Maclarens, P. C. B. Martin, I. F. Wilson, P. N. Kadziora, H. A. V. Cuhaci, L. A. Dunlop, Co-Capt., T. S. Lamont, Co-Capt., R. A. Schoeler, T. E. Wilson.
Front Row:

THE SECOND SOCCER TEAM

This was a relatively good year for the Second Soccer Team. We played six games, but unfortunately we only won two of them. Nevertheless the team spirit was high and everyone enjoyed himself.

On our last scheduled game St. George's did not bring a complete team, so we only played a pick-up game. And also I think that Mr. Humphreys was a really good coach.

John Coyne

THE FALL TERM CROSS COUNTRY RUN

On October 15 at Greenbank School 12 teams competed in the cross country event. The Senior Team for Ashbury consisted of Nicol, Fuller, Boucher, Ambery and Beesack. Nicol had a very good run coming in 4th out of 60 runners.

The Junior Team consisted of Schoeler, Farquhar, Beedell, Feldman, Sirotek and Torontow.

The course was a rugged one with many obstacles, but the weather was perfect.

All the Ashbury runners did fairly well.

John Beesack



JUNIOR CROSS COUNTRY TEAM

Back Row: T. S. Lamont, J. D. Beesack, M. Torontow, J. L. Beedell, Esq., W. N. Fuller, W. B. Nicol, R. A. Schoeler.
Front Row: C. Boucher, N. A. Sirotek, T. G. Farquhar, R. J. Feldman, J. D. Ambery, P. H. Wright.
Absent: D. C. Beedell.

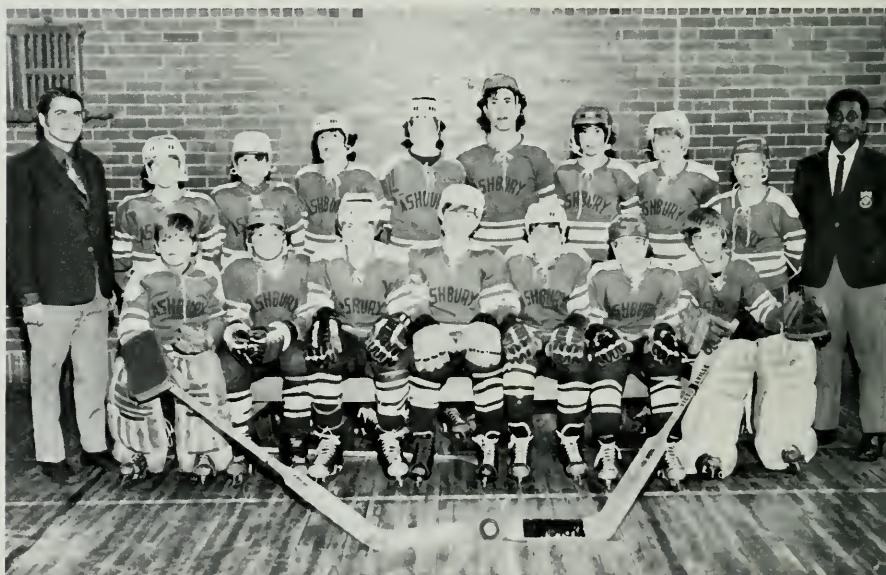
THE FIRST HOCKEY TEAM

This year's hockey team I think was a good one. The line that seemed to provide most of the action and punch was Lafourture's. His line included Fuller and Bisiker. Our best game was against B.C.S. We tied at 3-3 in their own rink.

This year against Amherst we tied one and won one. One of the reasons for our success was the goal keeping of Clermont Veilleux. He made saves that were sometimes unbelievable. In addition the constant scoring of Lafourture and Bisiker along with the swift skating and passing of Fuller kept Ashbury a winner.

<i>Names</i>	<i>Goals</i>	<i>Assists</i>	<i>Points</i>
Lafourture	16	6	22
Bisiker	12	5	17
Fuller	11	4	15
Robertson	8	3	11
Johnston	2	4	6
Wiener	0	6	6
Pitfield	2	4	6
Farquhar	2	2	4
Lay	0	3	3
Dunlop	2	1	3
Morrison	1	2	3
Won — 6	Lost — 2	Tied — 2	

Andy Moore



JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: M. H. E. Sherwood, Esq., A. I. Johnston, J. F. Biewald, R. A. Brodie, J. W. Pitfield, P. M. Wiener, R. A. Dunlop, J. M. Lay, T. G. Farquhar, A. G. Moore, Manager.
 Front Row: R. T. Lighthart, B. D. Bisiker, J. G. R. Lafourture, R. S. Morrison, W. N. Fuller, R. S. Robertson, C. P. Veilleux.

THE SECOND HOCKEY TEAM

The Second Hockey Team was coached by Mr. Tottenham. Although we lost all our games we tried very hard. We went to Lakefield and Lakefield came to Ashbury to play. We also went to Sedbergh; they too came to Ashbury to play.

Jeff Amberry, David Irving and Jim Pilaar scored our only goals. They were the stars. When we went to Lakefield we went on a nice Voyageur bus with air conditioning. We travelled with Mr. Sherwood's team.

Laird Dunlop



UNDER 13 HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: T. C. Tottenham, Esq., J. S. Harris, I. N. Rhodes, J. G. Mierins, M. D. Magner, J. D. Coyne, J. D. Amberry, D. Josselyn, G. C. Spencer.

Front Row: L. A. Dunlop, F. Gall, J. G. Pilaar, F. M. MacNicol, J. W. Zagerman, D. A. Irving, M. J. Adjeleian, M. W. Tkachuk, J. G. Luciani.

Absent: D. C. Beedell.

VOLLEYBALL

Our Volleyball Team this year did not do too well. We nearly lost all the games we played. Henry Munro, Viscount Alexander and Glen Ogilvie all had training from experts, which partly accounted for our losses. However, because of great coaching and the solid determination of every player on the team, we were able to redeem ourselves by defeating Elmwood.

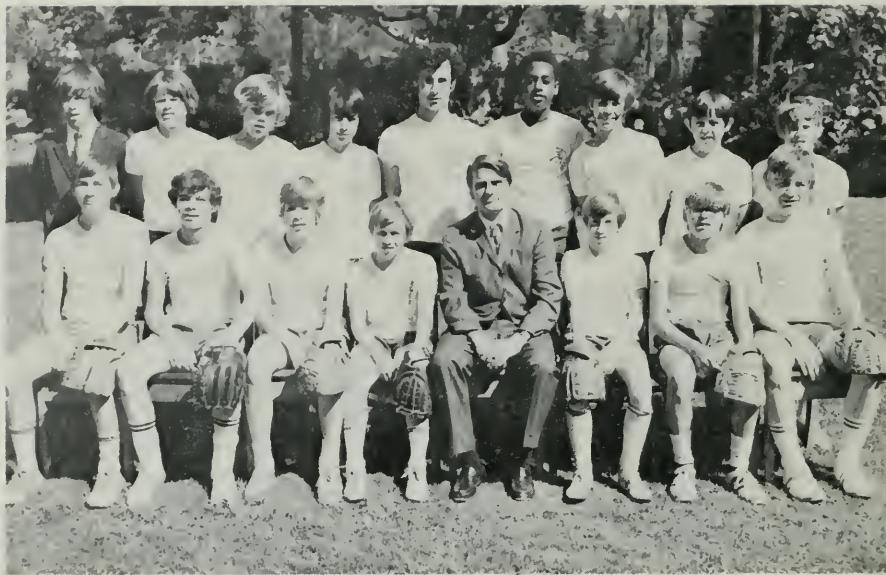
R.S.M.



JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Back Row: G. W. Babbitt, Esq., W. N. Fuller, S. B. Wallick, J. G. R. Lafortune, J. W. Zagerman, R. M. Wilson, J. D. Beesack.

Front Row: R. A. Brodie, P. M. Wiener, R. S. Morrison, R. A. Motta, A. G. Moore, G. P. Harvey.



JUNIOR SOFTBALL — A Squad

Back Row: R. S. Nicol, J. W. Pittfield, C. P. Veilleux, R. A. Dunlop, P. M. Wiener, A. G. Moore, P. A. Grant, D. Josselyn, I. N. Rhodes.
Front Row: R. S. Morrison, W. N. Fuller, J. W. Zagerman, T. G. Farquhar, M. H. E. Sherwood, Esq., A. I. Johnston, R. T. Lighthart, J. G. R. Lafortune.



JUNIOR SOFTBALL — B Squad

Back Row: T. S. Lamont, G. J. Luciani, N. L. Fonay, T. C. Tottenham, Esq., B. E. Mitchell, B. C. Flynn, P. C. B. Martin.
Front Row: L. A. Dunlop, R. J. A. Schoeler, I. F. Wilson, H. A. V. Cuhaci, C. I. Lay, D. C. Beedell, E. N. Hall.
Absent: J. S. Abrahamsen

SOFTBALL

This year the baseball team did fairly well. We won one and lost two. We had several games against the seniors as warm-ups. The Ashbury stars were Iain Johnston, center field; and John Lafortune, short stop and clean-up batter.

The positions were as follows:

Catcher	—	Zagerman and Ligthart
Pitcher	—	Ligthart and Fuller
1st Base	—	Wiener
2nd Base	—	Veilleux
Short Stop	—	Lafortune
3rd Base	—	Morrison
Left Field	—	Farquhar and Moore
Center Field	—	Johnston
Right Field	—	Dunlop
Spares	—	Rhodes and Josselyn

MASTERS VS THE SOFTBALL TEAM

Every year the team challenges the staff to a softball game. The game this year was very exciting. The teachers won the toss and batted first. The first two innings were scoreless, but in the third inning the masters scored nine runs. The boys scored four. It went on the same way until the end of the game, or at least until Mr. Sherwood called the game when the score was 26 to 24 with the masters ahead.

Many thanks to the teachers for a good game.

Reid Dunlop
John Lafortune

THE TRACK MEET

The Carleton Public Schools Track Meet was held at Uplands this year. There were three groups, Bantam (12 and under), Intermediate (13), and Senior (14 and over). Ashbury sent representatives to all three divisions.

The Meet was a fairly good one. Many people won ribbons, at least. Wiener did very well in the 100 yard dash, coming in 2nd in this event, and in the 220 he came in 3rd. Biewald won the long jump in his division. Motta did well in high jump, but went out at 4' 2". Fuller came 2nd in the 880, and MacLeod was 4th in the Shot Put. At the very end we were rained out so we could not have the relay and the open mile. This was disappointing for we were strong in these events.

Ashbury had a lot of cheer leaders from the M.L.T.S. group. Most of the races ended very closely.

Ted Ligthart

EDITOR'S NOTE: Ligthart is too modest. He neglected to mention that he placed first in the high jump.

THE CROSS COUNTRY RUN

On the day of the run the examination time table called for a study period in the morning. This allowed Ashbury to enter 5 boys for the Carleton County Invitational championships. Mr. Sherwood also brought along the M.L.T.S. group to cheer us on.

When we got to Meadowview Public School at Navan we were shown around the course. It went along the highway, through fields, up and down hills, over barbed wire fences and through mud! This was no ordinary cross country run.

Bill Fuller did very well coming in second with a time of 12.14, just 6 seconds behind the winner. Bruce Nicol came in 6th. Our team effort was good enough to give us second place in the boys competition, in which 15 schools competed. It was a day to remember and one in which we enjoyed ourselves.

Arnie Mierins

SPORTS DAY

As has been the custom for several years, a day was taken during examination week to hold our annual track and field championships. All the staff acted as officials, and practically every boy in the junior school had entered at least one event. The weather was kind to us and Sports Day was a success.

Here are the results:

EVENT	10 yrs.	11 yrs.	12 yrs.	13 yrs.
60 yards	1. Wilson V 2. Wilson VI 3. Dunlop			
100 yards	1. Lamont 2. Wilson V 3. Wilson VI	Luciani Schoeler Cuhaci	Biewald Pitfield Hogarth	Wiener Smith Johnston
220 yards	1. 2. 3.	Mierins II Lay Van Veen	Pitfield Mierins I Jones	Wiener Smith Morrison
440 yards	1. Lamont 2. Beedell 3. Puttick	Mierins II Feldman Meyers		
880 yards	1. 2. 3.	Mierins II Feldman Beedell	Mierins I Wright Flynn	Nicol Campbell Beesack
The Mile	1. 2. 3.			Fuller Nicol Wiener
High Jump	1. 2. 3.	Abrahamsen Luciani	Mierins I Biewald Lighthart	Fuller Lafortune Moore
Long Jump	1. Dunlop 2. Richter 3. Bystram	Schoeler Flynn Feldman	Biewald Pilaar Pitfield	Morrison Beesack Cuzner
Ball Throw	1. Puttick 2. Dunlop 3. Lamont	Luciani Mierins II MacNicol		
Shot Put	1. 2. 3.		MacLeod Hogarth Lighthart	Moore Lafortune Morrison

In addition to ribbons for individual events, the overall winners in each age group were presented with trophies. Our track stars were:

10 yrs. — Lamont; 11 yrs. — Mierins II; 12 yrs. — Biewald, Mierins I;
13 yrs. — Wiener.



LITERARY SECTION

THREE DESCRIPTIONS

Grandfather's Work Shop

The work bench had nails and screws strewn across its surface. It was made from a thick, rough, grey wood.

The walls of the old work shop were brown and smelled of the creosote which stained them.

I can remember how my brother and Grandfather would pop corn on the floor of the work shop with a bunsen burner; our dog Suki caught each piece as it went flying through the air.

The work shop had a window facing on to the garden. The window was cracked, and had remains of old spider's webs hanging on it.

The Old Man

As the old man bent to place another log on the now dwindling fire, he started whistling an old folk tune.

The room in which he sat was furnished with a piano, a sofa, and two rocking chairs. One had been his wife's.

The ceiling paper was ripped, and in places on the ceiling the dirty white plaster could be seen hanging.

Since his wife's death the old man's life had been spent hunting, preparing his food, rocking, and putting more logs on the fire.

The cabin in which he lived was situated in the Barrens of Canada.

The old man often peered out the window to watch the snow fall on the valley below, or just to watch the sun go down.

He loved to watch animals outside his window. To him animals were his children, even though he hunted them.

Hallowe'en

The Jack o'Lantern sits on the window sill. Its eyes are like those of a demon; its mouth seems ready to chomp you to pieces; its nose like that of a bloodhound ready to sniff you down.

The night air is filled with whispers, clouds and ghosts.

Behind the clouds creeps the moon, waiting to shine her beams of light upon some lonely field or mountain top.

In the cities, children are laughing and shouting, their bags filled with lovely candies. Their dream seems never ending. The magic words are, "Trick or Treat!"

In some small hamlet a child is weeping. He's all alone; he has no costume; he's only five; he does not know the joy and splendor of Hallowe'en. Does anybody care for him? He has no Jack o'Lanterns awaiting him on doorsteps.

Colin Byford

THE CHAIR

The easy chair by our fireside
Holds its arms to me,
As if to say, "Sit by my side,
And stay alone with me."

B. Hall

MY MOST UNFORGETABLE CHARACTER

My most unforgetable character is Herman. Herman is a crawfish.

It all started when I was walking in the water among the rocks at our cottage. Out darted a crawfish. I grabbed him at once. To my surprise, he said, "Don't grab me; I will come with you."

I went to the cottage where I introduced him to my family.

Herman was a very polite crawfish. He shook Laird's paw with his claw. I was delighted to see he had made a friend. Suddenly he started gasping for breath.

"Water, water", he gasped.

I immediately filled a pail with water from the lake, put Herman into it, and he was happy.

Sometime later my mom suggested that I have a swim before supper. I took Herman with me. It was great fun diving and swimming together. He soon learned the front crawl. Herman tried to teach me the back dart (which is the crawfish's best manoeuvre under water), but I ended up bumping my head on rocks.

As soon as my swim was over, it was time for supper. First I put Herman into a pail with water and a few rocks. Then I carried him to the cottage, set him on the table, and I was ready to eat.

I asked my mom what we were having for supper. She said, "Poison . . .", but nothing was unusual about that, because she says that every night. It turned out to be broccoli and ham. Eeech! Maybe she was right about it being poison.

Just then Herman whispered to me, "Hey, Dave, I love ham and broccoli. Just give it to me and I'll eat it."

Well that was a relief. I said, "Here's the food. Herman. Eat quick. Here comes my Dad".

Since I hadn't eaten much I was hungry. I put Herman in a transparent bucket. This was so that he could be my look-out. In case anyone came he could warn me and I would get the cookies put away. Soon all the *David* cookies were gone.

That night Herman slept on a shelf next to my bed.

The next morning, after I woke I was in a panic. I couldn't find Herman's jar. When I told my family, they laughed.

I was told, "Jeff used the jar for other crawfish, *too*. He's taken them to go bass fishing down the lake. You and your new ventriloquist act!" They forgot about Herman shaking Laird's paw with his claw.

I ran down to the lake as fast as I could. As soon as I got there out darted a crawfish. I quickly grabbed it. He said, "Don't grab me. I'll come with you." I remembered poor Herman's fate, and threw him back into the water.

David Beedell

THE OLD MAN FROM NEW YORK

There was an Old Man from New York,
Who had always wanted a stork.
He put on his hat,
And muttered, "That's that".
And he never acquired a stork.

Mark Richter

WHAT IS PEACE?

Is Peace a Christmas present?
Can you see or touch it?
Will we ever really win out.
If we keep fighting about?
By the time I am twenty.
I sure hope we have plenty!

David Beedell

AFTER THE JOURNEY

The little Hobbit raised his head
From his pillow on the bed.
He made himself a cup of tea,
And sat at ease to watch T.V.

The birds chirped from the trees above;
The robin, the sparrow and the little dove.
The breeze was soft as soft could be,
As the squirrel climbed the old oak tree.

Oh, somewhere it is snowing,
And somewhere there is rain,
But the sun is shining brightly
On the distant hills of Dain.
The journey now is over,
And we won't return again.

It all began on a day that was bold.
Dwarfs came to visit the tidy hobbit-hole
They planned to rebuild the city of Dale
With its golden treasures and fine coats of mail.

But there in the mountain
Waited mighty dragon Smaug.
He guarded the treasure
Like a giant watch-dog.

They were captured by the Goblins,
And the spiders and the elves.
If it wasn't for the Hobbit,
They might have lost themselves!

The Hobbit found a ring,
That when you put it on,
Was just like disappearing.
You suddenly were gone!

Their predicaments were great,
But they always did escape.
If you want to know the end,
I'd surely recommend
That you go and buy the book,
So you, yourself can look.
Read, "The Hobbit".

David A. Welch

WINTER

Winter comes but once a year,
And there are lots of things to do,
So we should not just disappear,
And let this season pass right through;
Because coming down through all the ages
We have been given lots of reasons,
In not just one but many pages,
Of why there is a winter season.

Children sledge, and children skate
Across the icy frozen lake.
Down from the hills the skiers fly,
Like golden jets across the sky.
Winter carnival's king and queen
With laughter rule this happy scene.
Snowmen! Snowballs! join the fun,
'Cause winter now has just begun.

David Ablack

THE DREAM

Part I

Finally I am able to relax, as I lean back in the bath tub to let the water caress my aching body. This is the first time today that I feel superior to something. As I lie there I realize how every joint in my body is creaking in raw, rusty movements.

I sit up to grasp the shower controls and the warm water beats on my sore body. I lean back again with a great sigh of relief, squirming to let the water soak into every pore. I stare aimlessly into my water-filled navel and slowly sink into a subconscious slumber.

Deep in this other dream world I found myself fondling the bath tub with my toes. I realized that I had successfully removed the plug and was being towed closer to the whirlpool of the sucking drain. Gradually my body took the form of oil and was easily pulled down into the drainage pipes; then into larger pipes, and soon I reached the great sea.

Part II

I found myself swimming the backstroke lazily across the Atlantic. My mind was pleasantly occupied with thoughts of friends and sex. Although I was in the middle of the Atlantic, the swim was as soothing as a bath.

Soon I reached the beaches of Lisbon. While kicking up the hot, white sand, I found a pail full of raw sewage and a putrid sea gull, which I decided to devour. After this most satisfying meal, I realized I was tired.

I climbed up on the sea cliffs and peered into a valley full of water beds. Happily I ran across the beds relishing the thin flesh of them as I bounced across. When I reached the centre bed I flopped upon it and went directly to sleep.

Part III

I woke and was shocked to realize where I was. Instinct told me to return to the point of departure. I did the crawl back across the Atlantic, straining every muscle. I had to fight my way up the sewage pipes. I was pushing, squirming, squeezing myself up the pipes. Smaller and smaller they grew in size, until I reached my bath tub. My deformed body of oil and slime materialized into human shape.

I regained consciousness to the distressed cries of my little sister. After considering her problem, I hurriedly removed myself from the bathroom.

R.S.M.

THE ASHBURY GHOST

Tom ("Cricket Bat") Jackson graduated from Ashbury in 1921. He had become an important figure in the world, and so the school was told about it when he died. We were also told that he had won two of the cricket trophies four years in a row while he had been at Ashbury.

That night as I was leaving the dining room I noticed that the bat and ball were missing from the trophies which had hung on the wall for the past fifty years. No one else noticed this and I did not say anything. I assumed they had been removed to be cleaned or repaired.

That night I was awakened out of a deep sleep by a sharp crack. Climbing down from my bunk I went to my window. To my amazement I saw a wraith-like team of cricketers on the moon lit cricket field. The batter had a silver bat, and the bowler a silver ball. I watched the game for a few minutes, then a dark cloud covered the moon, darkening the field. When the moon came out again the cricketers had disappeared. I climbed back into bed and soon fell asleep.

In the morning when I went to breakfast and walked past the trophies, the bat and ball were back in place.

I wonder. Was it my imagination, or had "Cricket Bat Jack" returned to play one last game at Ashbury?

R. Harwood

I was in Haiti when Fred Dickson discovered the remains of Columbus' sunken flagship, the Santa Maria. One of the interesting things brought to the surface was the log book, wrapped in a rubber-like cloth and enclosed in a steel box. Here are some of the entries.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS' LOG

January 3, 1492. No help! King Ferdinand is still fighting the Moors. Queen Isabella is far more interested in religion than exploration. I wish I could make her understand that to find a new route to Cathay would bring riches to Spain.

January 5. Help at last! A royal rider brought me to the queen. She granted me three ships. I was so filled with emotion that I could hardly thank her.

January 23. I haven't written lately as I have been too anxious to see my ships. Tomorrow is the day.

January 24. Saw the ships. The Nina and the Pinta are caravals. The Pinta is lateen rigged; the Nina can hold 60 tuns of wine and is square rigged. The flagship Santa Maria is somewhat larger. She is unsuited for voyages of discovery as her cargo space is too small. But since I have my heart set on this voyage, a little less cargo space won't stop me now.

February 10. Time has passed quickly, and there are still many things to attend to before we set sail.

March 2. Signed on a group of ruffians as crew. Am still waiting for maps from the advisors. Captain of Pinta is Martin Pinzon. His brother Vincente is Captain of the Nina. They are both good men and I think will withstand the hardships of the journey.

July 1. Have bought and stowed all equipment and food supplies. Have been too busy to write in this log for the last months. I hope we have enough food and water.

August 1. Plan to sail two days from now. So many people think I will never reach the Indies, but in my heart I am convinced I'll succeed.

August 2. I can hardly believe we are about to set sail. I still have no misgiving about the voyage. I must prove to the people of Spain that there is an easier route to Cathay.

August 3. We are under way! I was surprised that Queen Isabella came to see us off. A good start.

August 10. We headed south to the Canaries, then turned to the west.

August 20. We sail ever westward.

August 28. We have been at sea for 25 days. There seems nothing ahead of us but endless ocean.

August 29. I let them set all sail. The main courses with two bonnets; the courses; the spiritsail; the mizzen; the topsail; the boatsail on half deck.

September 1. We have been sailing for 29 days. I fear mutiny if there is no sight of land soon.

September 2. Crew's tempers rising. I hope I will be able to pacify them with the thought of coming riches.

September 11. We sighted three whales. At least we are not the only living creatures out here.

September 21. Land must come soon because food supplies and water are scarce.

October 5. The crew are fighting among themselves. Serious trouble may soon break out. There is no change in the horizon. We sail on.

October 10. This is a momentous day. We picked up a fresh branch with green leaves on it. Land must be very near. Some of the crew attempted to eat the branch, they were so happy. At eventide we sighted land birds. Tomorrow will be the day.

October 11. 3 AM. LAND AHOY!!! My prayers have been answered.

October 12. We went ashore and kissed the ground in our happiness.

October 21. During the last days I have been exploring the island. The crew are happy. We have fresh fruit which is unlike anything in Spain. So far we have seen only a few natives. I am still waiting for the traders with their silks. I haven't said anything to the men, but I am wondering whether we are really near Cathay. Is it possible we have stumbled upon a new world?

October 30. I am convinced we have discovered a new part of the Indies for Spain. I shall claim this land for Spain and call it San Salvador.

October 31. Some of the men have made contact with the natives and have learned that there is a larger island to the north. I have decided to sail tomorrow to find it.

November 1. We set sail. A storm seems to be . . .

The remaining pages of the log are undecipherable.

W. Johnston

PARENTS NIGHT

"Excuse me. Do you know where the Rockcliffe Planning Council is meeting?"

"Oh, yes. It's at R.P.P.S. That's the school just off Springfield."

Fifteen minutes later Mr. Hopkins, an engineer from New York who had come to Canada to help build a new sewage system for Rockcliffe Park, still had not found Rockcliffe Park Public School where he was to meet the Planning Council.

Turning a corner, he saw many cars parked on both sides of the street. Imagining this to be the place, he hurried into a school building. He was late for the meeting and did not notice the sign saying "Ashbury College".

Mr. Hopkins was greeted at the door by a monitor who took his coat and ushered him to the Junior School.

"This way, please", and he found himself in a line to see Mr. Polk.

When he reached the front of the line Mr. Polk said, "Name, please".

"Ah — er — Hopkins."

"Oh, yes, let's see now. Ah — here it is. Yes. Your son is doing fine in Latin, but his French leaves much to be desired."

"You don't understand. I'm here about the sewage system."

"Sewage system? Oh, yes. Your son wrote an excellent history paper on the sewage system at Rome. Did you know that they all worked on the principle of gravity, and that . . .?"

Ten minutes later, "Yes, that's very interesting, but . . ."

"I know you want to see the next teacher. Johnston here will take you to Mr. Beedell."

"This way, please".

"But, but . . ."

When he finally confronted Mr. Beedell, Mr. Hopkins said, "Please, you must understand. I'm here about the sewage system."

"Oh, yes. It's a big subject. Pollution and ecology. Some ancient civilizations had very efficient systems. Did you know that the Romans had . . .?"

After about thirty minutes, poor Mr. Hopkins saw his chance to get away. Just as he was leaving, a monitor came running up.

"Sir! Sir! Watch out for the open sewer!"

Too bad Mr. Hopkins was a little hard of hearing!

M. Pimm

THE SURPRISE

Father Field Mouse trudged in from the bleak, cold and grey fields. Egbert, who was his oldest son, followed closely at his heels. They carried all their personal belongings.

"Where are we going?" squeaked Egbert, who was cold and tired.

"Just follow me, son, and you'll be all right", answered Egbert's father.

"The pavement hurts my toes", whimpered Egbert. He started limping behind his father.

Father noticed Egbert's pain. He said, "Be patient a little longer. We will soon arrive at our destination."

A few moments later they slipped through a basement window.

"Here's our winter home. See that hole? It leads to the kitchen cupboard and the backs of the cereal packages. This hole leads to the cheese."

Egbert suddenly felt much more cheerful.

M. Puttick

WHY I DETEST TEACHERS

I detest most teachers because they are sly schemers who plot to deteriorate the student's brain. The ways they go about this secret operation vary, according to the character of the teacher.

Some decide to work the student to such a degree that he drowns in his own perspiration.

Others choose the detention method. These teachers are the tyrant type who enjoy watching the innocent suffer, waiting the finish of the seemingly endless detention period.

Other teachers think that knuckle rapping is a far better means. These are the sadistic types and they go about their daily torturing with gusto. While a pupil is happily sleeping during a math class, the teacher creeps, noiselessly, up behind him, and still droning on as boringly as before, his ruler speeds down and whacks its victim a painful blow across the now mutilated fingers.

Others use the lecture punishment. In my opinion this is the worst. For such a small crime as hitting someone with a snowball, the culprit is forced to listen for what seems like hours to an exaggerated account of the seriousness of his crime.

Some teachers use the embarrasement or insulting approach. Of these, the least said the better.

Here is an example of a punishment which shows the ingenuity of some really wicked teachers. This is called The Reign of Terror. The victim is hanged by his thumbs and used as a tackling dummy until his thumbs are torn off from the strain.

Happily at Ashbury most of the teachers seem to have a control over their basic natures and are really pretty decent types.

John Beesack

DEATH IN THE EVENING

The man sauntered down the cold, dank street. His footsteps echoed eerily on the deserted pavements. He wandered aimlessly across the intersection.

There was a sudden squeal of brakes, and the man turned in time to see a small car crash into a lamp post and erupt in a tower of flame. A shrieking figure of fire stumbled from the burning wreckage, and collapsed on the cold pavement never to rise again.

The man woke to pleasant and familiar surroundings. For a moment he had forgotten the horrible accident he had caused the previous night. And then he remembered.

At the breakfast table his newspaper carried a picture which struck terror to his heart. It was of the girl in the car, and she was the image of his young daughter.

He screamed, "I've killed her! I've killed her!"

Then he looked up and saw his daughter at the head of the stairs.

"Get out of this house! Get out! Get out! Get out!"

But the girl did not move.

After this he became cold and silent. He realized he was as dead as she was.

M. Pimm



OFF YOU GO TO THE BUSHES!



I'LL SEE YOU OUTSIDE MY
OFFICE AFTER SCHOOL



A ROSE BETWEEN TWO THORNS?



THE FOUR HORSEMEN

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

FORM NOTES

TRANSITUS A

John the Beserk is my name;
I find all schoolwork the same.
I would much rather play ..
At croquet all day,
And let my books burn in a flame.

John Beesack

There was a young fellow named Brookes
Who was mischievous in his good looks.
Although not called a fool
At the ending of school,
He went and burned all of his books.

Adrian Brookes

This was my first year here, and for the most part it was a very enjoyable one! The kids here are the school's greatest asset, and the sports are great, although I would like to see basketball introduced.

Paul Campbell

This is my second year at Ashbury, and it has been lots of fun. It wasn't a very successful year for me, but I enjoyed myself thoroughly. The sports were very exciting, although the Wizards did not do too well! The teams' trips, and the Quebec trip were also very enjoyable.

John Coyne

This is my first year at Ashbury. I don't think I will be coming back next year. I think the Junior School is great, and I only wish I had come here earlier. Ashbury is much more challenging than any of the public schools I have been to. It has prepared me for high school much better than most public schools could.

Reid Dunlop

Last year was really quite fine,
And my marks shot up like a vine.
Haircuts I did get,
And this made me fret,
But in general the year was divine.

David Green

Who's that twirp in center field?
Why it's L'le Iain! Watch him catch the ball.
He's pretty smart in school as well.
Anyway, "Play Ball!"
Who's that shrimpy right winger?
Why it's L'le Iain! Watch him pass the puck.
He got his M.L.T.S., cool!
Anyway, "Face Off!"

Iain Johnston

There was a red head of Trans A
Who fiddled and twiddled all day,
But it's understood,
His marks were quite good,
Which left him no cause for dismay.

Simon Jones



That skinny young bloke, it is me.
I just love it when classes are free.
Math is a bore;
French is a chore;
But I have a good friend named Rowley.

Andrew Marchant

This is my first year at Ashbury and I have found it very enjoyable and challenging. The large sports programme which consists of hockey and soccer (my favourite sports) is as good as any I've found. I like almost all of my classes (especially the ones I do well in!). Most of the people who surround me are my friends.

John Mierins

There was once a young boy in IIIA.
Who started out in a poor way.
Until he found knowledge
From Ashbury College,
Which helped him do well in Trans A.

Bob Morrison

This is my first year at Ashbury, and I think it was a fair year. My friends are David Hogarth, Reid Dunlop, Iain Johnston and Jaime Pitfield. My favourite masters are Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Flynn. I am returning next year.

Bruce Nicol

This is my last year in the Junior School. I have been here since Grade V, and I am now going into Grade IX. This year I am honoured to be the editor of the Junior Ashburian. It's a hard job, but it's fun.

Matthew Pimm

This was my best year, but unfortunately it will be my last as I go off to Lisgar next year. I liked the sports programme, and the school subjects. I liked all my friends, and I like all the staff.

Jaime Pitfield

This year has been a good year for me, but I did not get as high averages as I did last year. This was my second year at Ashbury, and I am returning in the fall, hopefully to 9A.

Stephen Puttick

The Rowl is a boy in Trans A,
Who would honestly much rather stay,
But as he must,
He will without fuss,
Move up in the fall to 9A.

Andrew Rowlinson

This has been my third and best year. Unfortunately it is my last as next year I will leave to go to a high school in my district. I believe that the success of my year has been due to the fact that I made many friends. Also this year has been my first to get a gold on the colour board, and I ended up with five.

Greg Spencer

There was once a mixture named Guy,
Who couldn't decide what to be.
It was either a crumpet,
Or a skinny French trumpet,
He decided to be a French pea.

Guy Warwick

The best way to pass to Grade 9,
Is to stay home sick all the time,
I get all straight A's
ABSENT starts that way
A "C" next year would be fine.

Douglas Welch

This is my fourth year at Ashbury and I have enjoyed it very much. My favourite sport this year was soccer. I am returning next year, and I hope it will be another very successful one.

Eric Wilson

This year was my first at Ashbury, but I am already very impressed. I worked a lot harder this year than I have for a long time. I hope that I will be able to return next year.

Patrick Wilson



TRANSITUS

MICHAEL ADJELEIAN. AJ had a pretty good year. He played in all the sports and came close to the top in the class. He was well liked by all the boys and the teachers.

BRIAN BISIKER. He sometimes got into trouble, but he had a fun year. He did not work very hard. He was popular and likes pretty girls.

BOB BRODIE. Brodie has had a good year. He made the hockey and volleyball teams, and was elected a Monitor. A broken leg has slowed him down now. He was Captain of his House and made a good effort academically.

COLIN BYFORD. Colin is a nice guy. He tries very hard at sports and he gets rewarded by scoring goals, or coming home. Colin is good in class and I like him. He gets average marks.

GUY CUZNER. He enjoys the cricket at Ashbury. His best subject is spelling. He enjoys being a ten-speed bicycle freak, and he enjoys sleeping. His favourite hobby is working hard, and studying here at Ashbury. He enjoys the work here and gets good marks.

JIM DRON. He wants to go into the senior school, and he is developing a sort of growing sense of humour. His best friend is Motta.

BILL FULLER. Bill is Ashbury's head boarder monitor, everybody's friend, and a good athlete. What else could you want? He's been here for four years, and will be coming back for the next. He hopes to become an architect.

PHILIP GRANT. He is a very nice guy. It was his first year here. He is a pretty good athlete and was on most of the teams. He was also a monitor. He lives in the town of Mount Royal and will be returning next year.

GREG HARVEY. This is Greg's first year at Ashbury. Although he is more interested in sports than in his studies, he always manages a good passing average. His favourite sports are football and skiing, and he was also a member of the volleyball team coached by Mr. Babbitt. Some of his best friends are Brian Bisiker, Steve Wallick and Phil Wiener. Greg will be coming back next year.

HUGH HEATON. This is his fourth year at Ashbury. He likes to figure skate, and he made the choir. He works quite hard and is pretty good at most of his subjects. He has had a good year.

JOHN LAFORTUNE. He has been at Ashbury for two years, and should I say at Elmwood also. Everyone in our classroom has a nickname appointed to him by our form master Mr. Polk, even he has a nickname. Mr. Pork. However, due to unfortunate circumstances John's nickname will not be mentioned.

DAVID MACLEOD. His nicknames are Boold, Duncan, Cloud, Mac and Marbles. His favourite sport is hardball. He wants to be a doctor or a full-fledged BOZO when he gets older. He's returning next year.

GRAEME MCKENNA. Graeme had an average year with about a 60% all through the year. He enjoys Ashbury and says it's improved his marks. He hopes to be a lawyer, and his hobby is magic.

ANDY MOORE. He is 14 years old. He lives in Brooklyn, N.Y. He goes to school at Ashbury. It is a college in Ottawa. He has been at this school for only two years now in Grades 7 & 8. Last year he missed what we call an M.L.T.S. It means you get an 80% or over average for the whole year and you don't write your final exams. Last year his average was 78.9%, but this year he made it. He was on the soccer, softball and volleyball teams. He was a monitor and he got all gold on the colour board. He got 50 house points.

RICHARD MOTTA. Also known as Jake. This is his second year at Ashbury. He's an all-round nice guy and very athletic. He was on the school's softball and volleyball teams.

SCOTT ROBERTSON. This is Scott's second year. He likes sports and enjoys going over to Elmwood. He is a very good hockey player and skier. His best friends are Bisiker, Wallick and Scott.

CHRIS SCOTT. Chris likes horses and goes over to Elmwood all the time. He's a bit uncoordinated and has a lousy taste in girls.

CLERMONT VEILLEUX. This is his second year at Ashbury. He makes most of the teams. He made softball, hockey, soccer and track and field. His best friends are Reid Dunlop, Iain Johnston, Ian Rhodes, John Biewald and Bill Fuller. During class he is an OK guy. He has many different names at Ashbury. He is coming back next year.

STEVE WALLICK. This was his first year at Ashbury. He was very popular and was a very good photographer. He spent a lot of time with Guy Cuzner and was with him when he broke his leg in spring skiing. He spent this term in a cast. He is a good talker.

PHILIPPE WIENER. Phil has been here five years now. His nickname is Narc. He has made every school team. He had a bad second half term. He has a lot of friends. His favourite brand is Export A. He boards at school. His girl friend's name is Mary. He likes her very much. He is 14 years old. He almost made monitor.

RICHARD WILSON. This is Wilson's third year at Ashbury. He is 13. and gets on well with his masters. The boys in his class like him too. Before coming to Ashbury he went to Rockcliffe. He missed his exams because he had infectious mono-nucleosis.

JOEL ZAGERMAN. He is a very good kid and has a fantastic personality. His favourite subjects are reading, geography and French. His favourite masters are Mr. Babbitt, Mr. Humphreys and Mrs. Babbitt. His nicknames are J-Bagg, Haaaaych, Bagel and Coco. His favourite sports are softball, hockey and vegetating. He made the softball, volleyball and 2nd hockey teams. He will be back at Ashbury next year.



FORM III A

FORM III

JEFF AMBERY. I think Ashbury is a very good school because of its educational values. Ashbury compared to another public school to me was quite a change. I have made a lot of friends. The sports program is very good here. I am coming back to Ashbury next year.

JOHN BIEWALD. This is my first year at Ashbury. My best friends are David Hogarth, Reid Dunlop and Clermont Veilleux. My favourite sport this year was Track & Field, and I made the first hockey team. When I grow up I would like to be a doctor.

CLAUDE BOUCHER. This is my first year at Ashbury and I like it very much. Compared with all the other schools I prefer Ashbury because of its activities. I like every one in my class. My favourite sports are baseball, hockey and track. I would like to come back next year.

KEN CARRE. This is my last year at Ashbury and it has been a good one. I'm going to miss it. The subjects that I like the most are history and English; and the teachers who teach them, Mr. Polk and Mr. Babbitt are my favourite teachers. Last but not least the friends that I had a lot of fun with were Biewald and Fuller.

FRED ELLACOTT. This is my third year at Ashbury. I think this is a good school. My friends are John Biewald, Richard Harwood and David Van Leeuwen. Right now I don't have any idea of what my job will be when I grow up.

RICHARD HARWOOD. I hope to come back next year. My best friends are Claude Boucher and David Irving. My favourite sports are hockey and baseball. The food is O.K. and the teachers are all great.

HECTOR HERMOSILLO. This is my first year in Ashbury and for me it is really good experience because I learned English and a lot of new things. My best friends here are Wiener, Andy, Biewald and Fuller. I really enjoyed this year in Ashbury and I wish to come back.

DAVID IRVING. This is my first year at Ashbury. I like it quite a bit. I have many good friends but my best ones are Jim Pilaar, James Lay, Iain Johnston and Richard Harwood. I have had a very good year and I'm happy with my marks. I hope to come back next year.

JAMES LAY. This is my first year at Ashbury. When I first came from my public school I was a little scared of the strictness, but it didn't turn out too bad. I guess the thing I like almost best is how the school lets you know how you're doing. At my other school I had no clue as to how well I was doing or if I was progressing. I also like the sports program especially when we go on trips to other schools. The classes are more intense — I mean I learned more here than at the other school.

TED LIGTHART. This is my second year at Ashbury College. It was my best year here. I had a lot of friends. In sports I did quite well. My average was about 70%. My favourite teacher is Mr. Babbitt. I hope very much to pass.

TIM MAHONEY. This is my first year at Ashbury. I like it very much. My best friends are Hardhead, Claudet, Andy, Brain and Irving. The food is OK???

JACQUES MAJOR. I like Ashbury. I have lots of friends. My favourite teacher is Mr. Flynn. I am coming back next year (I hope). I will be in Transitus. My future is quite complicated. I hope to do well next year. I don't want to sleep in most classes. My best friends are Phil Wiener, Jim Pilaar, John Biewald, Hector Hermosillo, Tim Mahoney, Phil Grant, Claude Boucher and Norman Sirotek. I like the new school building project.

MICHAEL O'MEARA. This is now my third year at Ashbury. Next year there will be a big difference in the school. The staff have organized everything very well. The boys at the school are all good. I like grammar, history, geography and science. I will be back next year.

PHILIP SELLERS. I like Ashbury very much and I hope to come back next year. My favourite sport is hockey, but I like all sports. My best friends are Jeff Ambery, David Irving and Jamie Lay. I like all the teachers here so I have no favourite teacher. I like all the subjects, but my favourites are history, math and literature.

NORMAN SIROTEK. I like this school and I hope I can come back. I would like to be a monitor. My best sports are baseball and cross-country running. I have been here for two years.

ROBERT SMITH. One of my favourite teachers is Mr. Humphreys for French. I enjoyed Ashbury this year because my average went up 11.5% in December. I thank all the teachers for helping me this year. My favourite friends are the Van Leeuwens and Arnie Mierins.

MICHAEL TKACHUK. This is my fourth year at Ashbury. I hope to come back next year. I like everybody in my class. My favourite teachers are Mr. Babbitt, Mr. Humphreys and Mrs. Babbitt. I do not know what I am going to be when I grow up.

MICHAEL TORONTOW. This is my third year at Ashbury. My favourite subjects are grammar, math and literature. My favourite friends are Keith MacDonald, Matthew Flynn, Steven Harris and Myles Magner. I think swimming is the best sport here.

HECTOR URDANETTA. I am from Mexico and am in Grade 7, Form III. I like Ashbury very much. The food is good. Most of the boys in my class are very nice. We have lots of sports. The teachers are very nice and the teaching method is very good. My favourite subjects are science, geography and history. We have many holidays and much work. I think this is a good combination.

DAVID VAN LEEUWEN. This is my first year at a private school. I like it quite a lot because of the rotating of classes during the day instead of staying in your home room getting bored. And I also like the breaks we have, such as games period; we run and play many exciting sports and this gets you all peped up for the remaining classes of the day. My friends are Robert Smith (even if he enjoys fooling in the class a bit) and I like O'Meara, too. P.S. I do hope I come back next year.

MATTHEW VAN LEEUWEN. I think this school is all right. I like it much better than a public school. It is a good school for friends. My friends are Robert Smith and O'Meara. My best teacher is Mr. Babbitt. It has been a year of hard work. I will be coming back next year, and I'll try harder to get an M.L.T.S.

IAN WALKER. I like this school very much for all reasons; the sport and the teaching and all kinds of similar things. My nickname is Walk and my favourite teacher is Mr. Flynn. When I started the year here I was at the bottom of the class, now I am near the top.



JAY ABRAHAMSEN. This was my first year at Ashbury and I was lucky enough to get my M.L.T.S. I think Ashbury is a nice place, and I like all the sports, and I like all the teachers, too.

ROBERT BYFORD. This is my last year at Ashbury. I have been here for two years and enjoyed the school very much. I am going to school in England next year. My favourite teachers are Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt and Mr. Polk.

TIM FARQUHAR. I am in Grade 6. I think Ashbury is a good school. The teaching is good and the sports are excellent. My friends are Jeff Ambery, James Lay, Iain Johnston, Reid Dunlop, Clermont Veilleux, David Hogarth, Ian Rhodes, Brian Bisiker, Phil Wiener, Jaime Pitfield, Bagel, Andy Moore, Harvey, Biewald, Matthew Litvak, David Irving. I like Ashbury a lot. My favourite teachers are Mr. Humphreys, Mr. Babbitt and Mr. Tottenham.

TED HALL. This is my second year at Ashbury. The food is very good (including tuck). My favourite sports are hockey, softball, soccer and football. My best friends are Abrahamsen, Farquhar, Harris and Harwood.

BENEDICT HALL. I am very pleased with this year, which is my second at Ashbury. My favourite friend is Timothy M. Warren, and my favourite masters are Mr. Humphreys and Mr. Robertson. I still like Ashbury very much.

CAMPBELL KEITH. This is my first year at Ashbury and I liked it a lot. My favourite subject is literature, although I do not do very well in it. My best friends are Watson, Weleh, Wright and Byford. The only person I dislike is ----- No matter how hard I try, I always end up burning mad.

MALCOLM MACLAURIN. My favourite sport is baseball, and my favourite subjects are geography and math. My best friends are Ted and Benedict Hall, Mitchell and T. M. Warren. Most of the food is O.K., but the potatoes taste like glue.

DAVID MEYERS. This is my second year at Ashbury. I like it very much. My favourite teachers are Mrs. Babbitt, Mr. Babbitt, Mr. Flynn and Mr. Robertson.

BRENT MITCHELL. The trip was nice, but they work you a little too hard, and the food's all right, but it makes you too fat. The rules and the school are both too old fashioned, and some of the teachers are fair. I think the holidays are fair, because you sure work hard enough to get them a little longer. And I really do hope that they modernize the school a lot with the \$400,000 they are going to improve the school with. My friends are Benedict Hall and Timothy Warren.

BOB MURRAY. I've been here two years. My best subjects are math and literature. My best friends are Mitchell, Richter and Hall I. My best teacher is Mr. Babbitt.

MICHAEL PUTTICK. This is my second year at Ashbury and I have enjoyed it very much. My favourite sports are fishing, hockey and baseball. My best friends are Welch II, Farquhar and Meyers.

MARK RICHTER. This is my second year at Ashbury. It gets easier as I get along. My favourite friends are Puttick, Hall I, Abrahamsen and Lamont. My favourite subjects are history and geography. I get low marks in those subjects but I like them just the same. My favourite teachers are Mr. Humphreys, Mr. Flynn, Mr. Babbitt and Mr. Robertson.

T. M. WARREN. I like Ashbury very much and I hope to be going into Grade 7 next year. I have enjoyed my year and have learned many new things. My best friend is Benedict Hall. I like all the teachers. Our Form Master was Mr. Humphreys. The food is O.K. but could be a little nicer. My favourite subjects are science and literature. My favourite sport is cricket.



STEPHEN WATSON. This is my first year at Ashbury. I think I will be back next year. When I am older I want to be a lawyer like my father. My favourite teachers are Mr. Babbitt, Mr. Tottenham and Mr. Humphreys. My best friends are David Welch, Tim Farquhar and John Biewald.

DAVID WELCH. This is my first year at Ashbury. Next year I will head for form IIIA. I would like to say that I enjoyed this year very much, despite long absences. This year I attained a high enough average for an MLTS. My favourite subjects are science, grammar, literature, and poetry. I also like math, French, and history. My best friends are Watson, Biewald, Hall I, and Abrahamsen. I like hockey, softball, and soccer. This was the best school year I've ever had.

PALMER WRIGHT. I like Ashbury very much and I hope I will come here for many years. My favourite sports are skiing and soccer. My best friends are Hall I, Watson, Lamont and Schoeler. My favourite subjects are math, science, grammar and history.

CHARLES ZWIREWICH. This is my second year at Ashbury. I got my M.L.T.S. this year. My favourite friends are Timothy Warren and Benedict Hall. I hope to be at Ashbury for a few more years.



FORM I

DAVID BEEDELL. This is my first year at Ashbury. I think Ashbury is a good school. I like all the teachers and my favourite teacher is Mr. Beedell. I got an M.L.T.S. this year. My best friends are T-May, Critter, Cuchi, Lucy, Lamont, Flynn, Feldman, Fonay, Martin, Mahoney and Schoeler. I like the sports programme and the long holidays.

ALEXANDER BYSTRAM. This is my first year at Ashbury. I like it a lot. I am ten years old. I am a monthly boarder. My best friends are Mahoney and Richter. My favourite teachers are Mr. Tottenham, Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt and Mr. Humphreys. My favourite subjects are French and grammar. My favourite sport is softball.

HAYG CUHACI. This is my first year at Ashbury. I like all the teachers, especially Tottenham. My favourite sports are hockey and softball. I missed my M.L.T.S. by .2%. My favourite friends are Dunlop, Tim Wilson and Schoeler.

JONATHAN DOWNING. I am near the end of my first year and everyone is studying like anything. The people I like in our class are D. Beedle and B. C. Flynn. My favourite teachers are Mr. Tottenham and Mrs. Babbitt. Math, French and history are my favourite subjects.

LAIRD DUNLOP. This is my first year at Ashbury. I like it very much. My friends are Schoeler, Cuhaci, Wilson V, Flynn and Wilson VI. My favourite sports are hockey, soccer, softball and tennis. I hope to come back next year.

KEN ELLACOTT. This is my first year at Ashbury and I like it a lot. My favourite sports are hockey and baseball. My favourite friends are Fonay and Flynn and my favourite teachers are Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt, Mr. Tottenham and Mr. Humphreys.

ROLF FELDMAN. This is my first year at Ashbury and I like it very much. My favourite sports are swimming and track. My favourite teachers are Mr. Beedell, Mr. Humphreys, Mr. Tottenham and Mr. Sherwood. My favourite friends are Luciani, Cuhaci, Beedell, Martin and Fonay.

BRENDAN FLYNN. My best friends are Timmy Wilson, David Beedell, Tom Lamont, Ellacott. My favourite teachers are Mr. Flynn, Mr. Tottenham, Mr. Green and Mr. Sherwood. This is my first year and I like it very much, especially the sports.

NICHOLAS FONAY. This is my first year at Ashbury. I am in Grade 5 and I like the school. My favourite teachers are Mr. Tottenham and Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt. Also my favourite sports are hockey, soccer and softball. This year I have earned an M.L.T.S.

PAUL KADZIORA. This is my first year at Ashbury. I like it very much. My best friends are Tom Lamont and Peter Martin. My favourite teachers are Mr. Tottenham, Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Humphreys and Mrs. Babbitt.

TOM LAMONT. This is my first year and I am ten years old. I hope I come back next year. I like hockey, baseball and track and my favourite friends are Flynn, Tim Wilson and Martin. My favourite teachers are Mr. Sherwood and our form teacher, Mr. Tottenham.

CHARLES LAY. This is my first year at Ashbury. My favourite friends are Mark Viets, Kelly Mahoney, Mark Richter, Brendan Flynn. My favourite teacher is Mr. Sherwood. My best sport is hockey.

GORDON LUCIANI. Hello! This is my first year at Ashbury. I like it very much. I'm 11 years old. My favourite subjects are math, French and science. My best sports are hockey and softball.

GORDON MACLAREN. This is my first year at Ashbury. I like it very much. My favourite sports are soccer, hockey and softball. I like every subject and have learned a lot. My favourite teachers are Mr. Humphreys, Mr. Tottenham, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Sherwood, Mrs. Babbitt and Mr. Beedell. My friends are Cuhaci, Martin, Beedell, Lamont, Schoeler, Dunlop, Wilson V, Wilson VI and Flynn.

KELLY MAHONEY. This is my first year at Ashbury. I am going to come back next year. My favourite teachers are Mr. Tottenham and Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt. My favourite friends are Fonay, Lay and Richter. I like hockey, but I can't skate very well.

PETER MARTIN. This is my first year at Ashbury and I am ten years old. I like all the subjects and sports. All the teachers are very good, and I like all of them. I like practically all the boys in my form and a few in other forms. My favourite sports are soccer, hockey and softball, and I made a few teams. The food here is pretty good. My best friends are Pitfield, Lamont, Dunlop, Schoeler, Cuhaci, and a few others. I received my M.L.T.S. and will most likely be coming back next year.

JEFF MITCHELL. This is my first year in Ashbury. I like it, sometimes. My favourite teachers are Mrs. Babbitt, Mr. Tottenham and Mr. Flynn. My friends are Richter, Flynn and Downing.

BOB SCHOELER. My favourite sports are soccer, hockey and softball, and my favourite teachers are Mr. Babbitt, Mr. Flynn, Mr. Humphreys, Mr. Tottenham and Mr. Sherwood. My best friends are Laird Dunlop, Hayg Cuhaci, Peter Martin, Tim Wilson, Tom Lamont, Brendan Flynn, Tim Farquhar and David Beedell. My favourite subjects are grammar, French and math. I am 11 years old.

MICHAEL SOURIAL. This is my first year at Ashbury and I like it very much. My favourite teachers are Mr. Tottenham, Mr. Robertson, and Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt. My favourite class mates are Jeff Mitchell and Alexander Bystram. The food is excellent. I like all sports. My favourite subjects are history, French and science. I did not get my M.L.T.S. but I still hope to get it next year. I really enjoyed the school trip to Quebec City. I really hope to come back next year. I have enjoyed it here.

MARK VIETS. This is my first year at Ashbury. My favourite teachers are Mr. Tottenham and Mr. Humphreys. My favourite sports are softball and hockey. My favourite friends are Peter, Cuhaci, Gordon, Ellacott and Brendan. My favourite subjects are history and English.

TIM WILSON. This is my first year at Ashbury and I like it very much. I hope I get an M.L.T.S. next year. The sports are very good. My best friends are Flynn II, Wilson VI, Dunlop II and Lamont. I also like Martin, Beedell III and Cuhaci.

IAN WILSON. This is my first year at Ashbury. I like it very much. My best teachers are Mrs. Babbitt, Mr. Tottenham and Mr. Humphreys. My best friends are T. Wilson, L. Dunlop, D. Beedell, T. Lamont, B. Schoeler and H. Cuhaci, and most of Grade 6 and 7 and some of Grade 8.





ERIC ("Bobby Fischer") WILSON
outmanoeuvers the
Senior School Champ
Leslie Zunenshine



OUR
CROSS COUNTRY CHAMPS
Bill Fuller, Laird Dunlop,
Arnie Mierins

School Register — 1971-72

Ablack, David Lennox
Abrahamsen, Jorgen Sven

Adjeleian, Michael John

Ambery, Jeffrey Dewar

Anapolsky, Ronnie

Anapolsky, Gerry

Ashley, Warwick Stuart James

Barnes, Michael Leslie William
Bates, Christopher Robert
Beedell, Michael John
Beedell, Jeffrey William
Beedell, David Charles
Beesack, John David
Belanger, Francois
Belding, Kirk Shaun

Benfell, Leonard H. III

Bennett, Richard Lloyd
Beqaj, Jimmy Kujtim
Bidner, Kevin
Bidner, Brady
Biewald, John Felix
Bisiker, Brian Douglas

Bleackley, Ian Kerr
Bonneau, Michel
Boucher, Claude
Boyd, Bryan Alexander

Breen, David Hart

Brodie, Robert Alan
Brookes, Adrian Martin

Burke-Robertson, David Ian William
Buser, Martin Ulrich
Byford, Colin William

Byford, Robert James

Bystram, Alexander Stephen

Cahn, Edward Walter
Campbell, John Paul

Carre, Kenneth Norman

Chan, Yee Hee Andrew
Charron, Louis
Chatel, Jules
Childers, Richard Spencer
Childs, Peter Adrian
Christie, Hugh Alexander
Chu, Kwong-Kie Frankie

Chu, Kwong-Kin Kenny

Comis, Stephen Gregory
Copestake, Peter Goodall

1468 Randall Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1H 7R7.
294 Manor Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
Ontario. K1M 0H5.
1495 Prince of Wales Drive, Ottawa, Ontario.
K2C 1N8.
406 Wood Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
Ontario. K1M 1J9.
112 Finchley Road, Hampstead, Montreal 254,
P.Q.
112 Finchley Road, Hampstead, Montreal 254,
P.Q.
244 Smyth Road, Ottawa, Ontario. K1H 5A2.

7 Starwood Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K2G 1Y7.
82 Marlowe Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario. K1S 1J1.
R.R. #1, Sarsfield, Ontario.
R.R. #1, Sarsfield, Ontario.
R.R. #1, Sarsfield, Ontario.
4 Greenwich Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K2E 5E6.
529 rue Lachapelle, Hemmingford, P.Q.
342 Wilchester Blvd., Houston, Texas 77024,
U.S.A.
89 Grandview Road, R.R. #8, Ottawa, Ontario.
K2H 7V3.
Main Street, Avonmore, Ontario.
928 Inswood Drive, Ottawa, Ontario. K2A 3S1.
Mountain Road, Lucerne, P.Q.
Mountain Road, Lucerne, P.Q.
207 Crocus Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1H 6E7.
112 Lisgar Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
Ontario. K1M 0E6.
57-10th Street, Roxboro 900, P.Q.
Saint-Simon (Bagot), P.Q.
303 St. Joseph Boulevard, Wrightville, P.Q.
131 Manor Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
Ontario. K1M 0H1.
19 Larchwood Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario.
K1Y 2E3.
69 Geneva Street, Ottawa, Ontario. K1Y 3N6.
100 McLeod Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario.
K1K 2J2.

Marchmont, Dunrobin P.O., Ontario.
303 Fairmont Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1Y 1Y5.
250 Springfield Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
Ontario. K1M 0K9.
250 Springfield Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
Ontario. K1M 0K9.
Carrera la., #70A-45, Apt. 101, Bogota, D.E.

6825 LaSalle Blvd., Montreal 204, P.Q.
1229 Rideout Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario.
K2C 2X9.
2205 Alta Vista Drive, Ottawa, Ontario.
K1H 7L9.
6 Shatin View Terrace, Shatin, N.T., Hong Kong.
163 Thomas Street, Gatineau, P.Q.
9 Terrasse Louise, Valleyfield, P.Q.
232 Remic Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1Z 5W5.
R.R. #5, Kemptville, Ontario.
2250D Halifax Drive, Ottawa, Ontario. K1G 2W8.
10 Man Fuk Road, Beauty Court, 14th Flr.,
Flat B, Waterloo Hill, Kowloon, Hong Kong.
10 Man Fuk Road, Beauty Court. 14th Flr.,
Flat B, Waterloo Hill, Kowloon, Hong Kong.
5675 Cote St. Antoine, Montreal 260, P.Q.
60 Placel Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
Ontario. K1L 5C1.

Couturier, Humberto
Coyne, John Daniels

Cox, Timothy David

Cox, Kelly Clark

Croal, Peter Sean Taylor
Cuhaci, Hayg A. V.
Cushing, Geoffrey Derek
Cuttle, James Francis
Cuzner, Donald Guy

Davies, Gregory Charles

Deepan, Paul Dhananjaya
Desmarais, Luc

Dickson, Thomas Adamson

Diplock, Donald Ian Scott
Dowling, Rodrium Walter
Downing, Jonathan William

Dron, James
Duguay, Mark
Dunlop, Reid Alexander

Dunlop, Laird Andrew

Ellacott, Frederick James
Ellacott, Kenneth David
Ellis, Jonathan Andrew
Evans, Michael Dennis Constable

Fabricius, Christian Paulus
Farquhar, Timothy Gordon
Feldman, Rolf Julian Gustav
Flynn, Matthew John
Flynn, Brendan Charles
Fonay, Nicholas Lawrence

Fuller, William Norman

Gall, Frederick Eric

Garcia Ramos L. Mario

George, David Andrew
Gilmore, Daniel Alexander

Grahovac, Stephen Zvonimir

Grant, Philip Allen

Grant-Whyte, Robert
Gray, Stewart Alexander
Green, David E. C.

Hall, Edward Norman

Hall, Benedict James Christian
Répessé

Hambleton, Ricardo
Hamilton, John William Beresford
Harris, John Steven

17 Ste. Geneviere Avenue, Quebec City, P.Q.
235 Mariposa Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
Ontario. K1M 0T4.
Island Park Towers, Apt. 2310, 195 Clearview
Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1Z 6S1.
Island Park Towers, Apt. 2310, 195 Clearview
Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1Z 6S1.
1239 Evans Blvd., Ottawa, Ontario. K1H 7T7.
157 Riverdale Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1S 1R1.
4139 Hampton Avenue, Montreal 261, P.Q.
Mont Tremblant, P.Q.
Kingsmere, P.Q.

The Gleneagles, Apt. C-31, 3940 Cote des Neiges
Road, Montreal 109, P.Q.
127 First St. E., Cornwall, Ontario.
3875 Ramezay Avenue, Town of Mount Royal,
Montreal 218, P.Q.
Apt. 3, 890 McMillan Avenue, Winnipeg 9,
Manitoba.
30 Woodlawn Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1S 2S9.
Bay Colony Estates, R.R. #3, Stayner, Ontario.
110 Lakeway Drive, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
Ontario. K1L 5B2.
2763 Moncton Road, Ottawa, Ontario. K2B 7V9.
800 Maloney Blvd., Templeton, P.Q.
125 Lakeway Drive, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
Ontario. K1L 5A9.
125 Lakeway Drive, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
Ontario. K1L 5A9.

Box 356, R.R. #2, Ottawa, Ontario. K2C 3H1.
Box 356, R.R. #2, Ottawa, Ontario. K2C 3H1.
2279 Prescott Highway 16, Ottawa, Ontario.
781 Hemlock Road, Manor Park, Ottawa, Ontario.
K1K 0K6.

240 Sandridge Road, Ottawa, Ontario. K1L 5A2.
403 Wood Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario. K1M 1J8.
34 Delong Drive, Ottawa, Ontario. K1J 7E6.
857 Glasgow Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario. K1K 0J5.
857 Glasgow Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario. K1K 0J5.
2240 Halifax Drive, Apt. 608, Ottawa, Ontario.
K1G 2W8.
"The Moorings", 2780 Cassels Street, Ottawa,
Ontario, K2B 6N8.

516 Kenwood Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario.
K2A 0L6.
E. Rebsamen Num. 626, Col. Narvarte, Mexico
12, D.F.
781 Highway #40, Corunna, Ontario.
112 Lisgar Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
Ontario. K1M 0E6.
Apt. 909, 200 Rideau Terrace, Ottawa, Ontario.
K1M 0Z3.
346 Ellerton Avenue, Town of Mount Royal,
Montreal 304, P.Q.
394 Lakeshore Road, Beaconsfield, P.Q.
1895 Savoy Place, Ottawa, Ontario. K2C 0W2.
577 Windermere Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario.
K2A 2W4.
535 Fairview Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
Ontario. K1M 0X4.

582 Lisgar Street, Ottawa, Ontario. K1R 5H7.
59 Ruskin Street, Ottawa, Ontario. K1Y 4A8.
26 Madawaska Drive, Ottawa, Ontario. K1S 3G6.
190 Minto Place, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario.
K1M 0B7.

Harvey, Graham Paul
 Harwood, Richard William
 Heaney, David Macdonald
 Heaton, Hugh Alexander
 Heaton, Anthony Jonathan

Helmer, Robin John
 Henderson, George Mark
 Henderson, Robert John

Hermosillo, Hector F.
 Hodgins, Michael
 Hogarth, Robert Ernest
 Hogarth, David Andrew

Hope, Paul
 Huston, Robert Hugh Francis

Irving, David Alexander

Jeffrey, George MacKinnon
 Jelenick, Michael Stuart
 Johnson, Geoffrey Blaine Phipps
 Johnston, Peter Alan Simon
 Johnston, David Bruce
 Johnston, Alastair Iain
 Johnston, William Erskine
 Jokinen, Edward Alexander

Jones, Bryce Wylie
 Jones, Simon Frederick
 Jones, Martyn Daniel
 Josselyn, David

Joyce, Charles Mark

Kadziora, Paul Michael
 Keith, John Brian Campbell
 Kemper, Michael
 Kenny, Robert Maclare

Lackie, Daniel Wallace
 Lafortune, John
 Lamont, Thomas Stilwell I

Lay, James M. C.

Lay, Charles Ian

Leung, Po-Cheung Anthony

Liang, Sun-Wah Willy

Lighthart, Robert Theodore
 Litvak, Matthew Kenneth

Loeb, Arthur Henry

Longsworth, Julian Kim

Luciani, Anthony
 Luciani, Richard Grant
 Luciani, James Gordon
 Lurtz, Daniel John
 Lynch-Staunton, Victor

Lynch-Staunton, Michael

2278 Bowman Road, Ottawa, Ontario, K1H 6V6.
 57 Cherrywood Drive, Ottawa, Ontario, K2H 6H1.
 2383 Base Line Road, Ottawa, Ontario, K2C 0E2.
 23 Larchwood Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, K1Y 2E3.
 95 MacKinnon Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario, K1M 0G4.
 38 Davidson Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario, K1J 6L8.
 564 Lindsay Street, Winnipeg 9, Manitoba.
 190 Acacia Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario, K1M 0L5.
 Calle Francia 191, Mexico City 20, D.F.
 52 Queensline Drive, Ottawa, Ontario, K2H 7J2.
 Norway Bay, P.Q.
 425 Maple Place, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario.
 748 Fleming Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, K1G 2Y9.
 138 Royal Road, Lord Byron Place, Edmonton
 73, Alberta.

Box 112, R.R. #1, Kingsmere, P.Q.

1448 Kilborn Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, K1H 6L9.
 319 Clemow Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, K1S 2B7.
 100 Iona Street, Ottawa, Ontario, K1Y 3L8.
 64 Dufferin Road, Ottawa, Ontario, K1M 2A7.
 Box 121, R.R. #1, Hull, P.Q.
 Box 121, R.R. #1, Hull, P.Q.
 Maplewood Farm, R.R. #3, Richmond, Ontario.
 Apt. #103, 101 Angora Place, Dollard des
 Ormeaux, P.Q.
 950 Garwood Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, K1V 6W9.
 869 Glasgow Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario, K1K 0J5.
 869 Glasgow Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario, K1K 0J5.
 224 Springfield Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario, K1M 0K9.
 Apt. #704, The Rockcliffe Arms, 124 Springfield
 Road, Ottawa, Ontario, K1M 0K9.

36 Bayswater Place, Ottawa, Ontario, K1Y 2E2.
 54 Evergreen Drive, Ottawa, Ontario, K2H 6C9.
 11 Briarcliffe Drive, Ottawa, Ontario, K1J 6E3.
 614 George Street, Box 569, Buckingham, P.Q.

167 Tennyson Place, Waterloo, Ontario.
 1510 Orchard Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, K1H 7C7.
 275 Springfield Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario, K1M 0K8.
 459 Buena Vista Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario, K1M 0W2.
 459 Buena Vista Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario, K1M 0W2.
 7 Vista Del Mar, 11½ miles Castle Peak Road,
 New Territories, Hong Kong.
 237A Prince Edward Road, 6th Flr., Kowloon,
 Hong Kong.
 P.O. Box 482, Manotick, Ontario.
 865 Glasgow Crescent, Manor Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario, K1K 0J5.
 225 Minto Place, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa,
 Ontario, K1M 0B5.
 Apt. #1, 1216 Bank Street, Ottawa, Ontario,
 K1S 3Y1.
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